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[Verf. Bage Robert]

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# MOUNT HENNETH,

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N O V E L.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

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V O L. I.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Lowndes, No. 77, Fleet-Street.

M DCC LXXXII.



Mount Pleasant

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## P R E F A C E.

**A** Novel, according to the present usages, may be sent into the world with a preface, or without. I chuse the former, not with any intention to pre-instruct the reader in the nature of the work, for novels have all one nature; but to soften the severity of his criticism, by information of the reasons, which drew me in to write.

It is very easy to say I wrote it for my own amusement, and published it to satisfy the importunity of some very judicious friends, who could not bear that so many beauties should lie concealed in the drawer of a cabinet.



But as I intend to be upon honour with my reader, in point of veracity, I must candidly confess, I have been determined by far different motives. In short, my three daughters assure me, that I write in a very tasty manner; and that it is two years, bating two months, since I made each of them a present of a new silk gown.

Now you must know, my dear Readers, that I live a great way from London, and have a pretty mechanical way of doing certain things, which has procured me some reputation; and, till lately, as much wealth as any man who thinks of the snug and quiet comforts of life, only, would desire.

But I don't know how it is, people are oftner dunning me for money than usual; and to be sure, I do not pay the ready for raw materials, as I was wont. The proximate cause of this, I am unable to discover; but the predisposing and occasional causes, I once presumed to think, lay hid in the heads



P R E F A C E.

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heads or tails of the female part of my family, which, within a few years, have suffered an amazing expansion.

This, my daughters assure me, is an error of the first concoction. It is true, they say, ladies, in their stile of life, must conform to the fashion, and people who dont understand things, are apt to imagine that this must be attended with a great deal of expence; but people who know life, like my daughters, know how to make a little go a great way. In short, I am now convinced I have injured the dear creatures by my suspicions, and to make them amends, have laid the whole burden to the account of the American war.

But my daughters must have new silk gowns.

Now Messieurs, the Reviewers, will kindly inform the world, that in their opinion, I might have been better, and quite as profitably employed in



getting up a few more of my mechanical matters. But, with submission to their better judgments, a man cannot be always making ———.

These gentlemen I believe are generally, and may they be always, better employed, than in reading such books as mine. I have been indebted to their salutary admonitions for many a crown, which fair title pages would otherwise have drawn out of my pocket.

Willingly would I, in gratitude, do them any kindness that lies within the compass of my small abilities. Willingly will I review these books myself, and save their heads the many necessary aches which must otherwise ensue.

HENNETH CASTLE, &c. &c. &c.

“ If readers expect to find, in these volumes, any thing like wit, humour, plot, character, or keeping, they will be much disappointed. The



## PREFACE.



The work puts us in mind of Doctor Johnson's sarcasm on Macklin's conversation. A perpetual renovation of hope, with perpetual disappointment. To say the least we can of it, it is bad in the beginning, worse and worse in its progress, but the end is heaven."

Into what egregious folly does gratitude sometimes betray simple minded people !

Books of this class are printed, published, bought, read, and deposited in the lumber garret, three months before the Reviewers say a syllable of the matter.

What a dunderhead !

If, after all, the WORLD will deny me its confidence, will buy, read, and judge for itself : do not, dear gentlemen, do not, for gallantry's, for pity's sake, do not *go out of your way* for the sake of establishing my veracity.



But if your book be bad as you say, it is incumbent on us to give the earliest notice, in order to save the WORLD its money, as we have heretofore done yours.

Oh ! that you had seen my daughters !

MOUNT



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## MOUNT HENNETH.

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*Thomas Sutton to Mrs Sutton.*

London, August, 1778.

**I** Love thee dearly, Nancy, as our friend Simon says to Polly Jarvis; and if ever I am king of England, thou shalt be a princess at the least. This magnificent love fit seizes me, whenever I think of those soft sweet blue eyes, which said such inexpressible things to me at our late parting; and of those blooming cheeks, whose mingled red and white, tenderness and apprehension, had then changed to a sickly pale.



I quarrel with fortune because I am not one of her puppy favourites, and with nature for forming her consanguinities mal a propos; for if my Nancy had not been my sister, she might have been ——— myself.

And so she is and shall be; only as poor Ophelia says, ——— with a difference.

I arrived safe in town on Saturday, and found my uncle improved in his own peculiar good humour and politeness.

What a pair of forlorn outcasts, Nancy, are thy brother and thyself! Inheriting nothing from their parents save their virtues; thou, an humble dependant on a peevish godmother; and I, upon the smiles of a man, who never smiles except upon his dearest Betty. Heaven, and the friendship of Polly Jarvis be thy comfort; and mayst thou find the latter as sincere and efficacious, as I have found that of my amiable friends the Chesslyns. My heart expands with gratitude and friendship when I think of these ornaments of human nature. They are as men, what my Nancy is as a woman; I cannot praise them more.

The tyrannical and overbearing disposition of my uncle grows insupportable upon the comparison; something I must do to get rid of it. But why should I

DISCUSS

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communicate to thy tender bosom that gloomy train of ideas which has at this instant possession of my own. If reflection produces misery, it is wisdom to cut the thread of it as soon as it begins to be spun.

My little World, my Nancy, adieu.

T. SUTTON.

*Nancy Sutton to her Brother.*

Ottingham, August, 1778.

**T**O be a princess in the esteem of my ever kind and indulgent brother, is the summit of my ambition; for which I would sacrifice a million of those royal play things, pomp, etiquette, and servility.

I do not want to pass with my brother for a monstrous wise and prudent girl neither; superior to the ruling vanities of

A 5 her



her sex; if I had fine cloaths, I should wear them; if I had a coach and six I should ride in it. I have no violent objection to the being very rich, or very handsome; but I have an aversion to ceremony and parade. "If I had no other objection to being a queen, a coronation would determine me against it."

I do not entirely agree with my dear brother in bestowing hard names upon our benefactors because they are not *all* that we would wish. If I considered the peevishness of my godmother only, it might endanger my gratitude, and gratitude I undoubtedly owe her for the protection she afforded me, when the death of our last parent, who supported herself and me by an annuity only, rendered me indeed an orphan.

It is true there are people in the world, who do kind things in a manner which doubles the obligation; but if our benefactors want those agreeable feelings that lead to this manner, they are to be pitied.

I assent to your proposition, that it is wisdom to cut the thread of disagreeable reflections; it is wisdom also to substitute agreeable ones in their room. If I was in love, my lively friend Polly Jarvis assures me, I should never want these; but as I am not ——— On recollection I know  
not



not whether I can truly assert this. If it is possible this passion should enter at the ears, as it is said to do at the eyes, I believe my heart has some kindly motions towards Messieurs the Chesslyns. Pray indulge me with what you know of their history. Above all, are they young, handsome, rich, et cætera; and have they hearts penetrable by soft blue eyes?

For ever, your affectionate sister,

ANN SUTTON.

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*Mr. Thomas Sutton to his Sister.*

London, August, 1778.

I Cannot reply to the last of my sister's questions, nor do I know that the artillery of any eyes can do execution at so great a distance. But however you may be disposed to the attack, take care of



the defence. Never fall in love, Nancy, unless I stand by. Nature never created a thing so unfit to walk in the thorny paths of this passion. A Marander would find it as easy to break thy heart, as he would find it difficult to subdue thy virtue.

Yes, Nancy, my friends are young, handsome, and rich. At least they have wealth enough for all the purposes of happiness, though not, perhaps, of grandeur and ambition.

Their father was a Devonshire gentleman, possessing an estate of about three thousand pounds a year; of the old English character; fond of hospitality; inoffensive without weakness; just without severity. These gentlemen were all his offspring.

John, the eldest, had a college education, which he finished at the Temple. Henry's was more immediately directed to the occupation of a merchant; and with this view he was four years in a compting house.

Mrs. Chesslyn had twelve thousand pounds, which was prudently put to interest to accumulate for the fortunes of younger children. Modern manners would have laid it out in gilt coaches, and emerald sprigs; or in the honourable purchase of a seat in the house.

This



This sacred deposit had increased to near twenty thousand by the time Mr. Henry reached the age of twenty-two, and was given him as the full share of his father's fortune. With this sum he entered into partnership with a large American house. In 1775, three years after this, died the father, leaving his whole estate, real and personal, to Mr. John, the eldest. The mother had been dead some years.

Every one knows to his sorrow the events that distinguished this fatal year; every one feels the wound given to this country, by its breach with the colonies. Mr. Henry's house struggled with its adverse situation near three years, but was obliged to stop payment in January last, and became bankrupt in March.

Mr. John flew to console his brother, and finding the nature of his affairs would not permit his leaving London, he gave up housekeeping in Devonshire, and removed his family hither.

My acquaintance with Mr. Henry began at St. Paul's school, and was at this time improved to great intimacy. In a very few days I had the happiness of standing high in the friendship of Mr. John also; in short, reserve was so intirely excluded from our little society, that there seemed



seemed to be no secrecy amongst us, not even in family affairs.

One morning as we all three sat at breakfast, Mr. John, pulling a deed out of his pocket, Harry, says he, here's a piece of parchment for thee, which, if I should become a fool or a rascal, may be of singular use.

What, says Mr. Henry, is it an amulet, Jack, to preserve human minds from folly and knavery?

'Tis an amulet, to preserve an human body from poverty, the frequent consequence of folly, not its own, replied Mr. John. In short, it is a foolish thing called a deed, intitling thee to call those dirty acres at Hillesden thine.

A foolish thing indeed, returns Mr. Harry, a fine blush suffusing his face, and which will almost justify my taking out a statute of lunacy against thee. Besides, I have at present the command of three thousand a year, and do'st think I shall reduce myself to eight hundred.

Thou art a blockhead, Harry; that parchment says not a word about stinting; it only requires thee to take upon thyself the care of a parcel of dirt, which makes me sick to look at it. It is of nature's worst manufacture, and I doubt too bad to mend; but that is thy concern, not mine. And



And *thou* art a blockhead, to think of cramming eight hundred a year into the jaws of a monster, that has, with such facility, devoured twenty thousand pounds.

That was paper, Harry, the unsubstantial sign of that evanescent thing, called money. Riches, like these, easily make themselves wings, and fly away. Land, like thine, Harry, is incumbered with a tail, in order to prevent its flight.

The devil take thee, Jack, says Mr. Henry, his eyes full of tears; I'll have none of thy deed however.

How wilt thou help it, Harry? But let us debate the matter logically. So long as we twain remain in statu quo, as the lawyers say, it is not a pin-matter, whether thou hast it or no; thou wilt neither gain nor lose by the bargain. But reflect on the ordinary productions of that eternal changer of sublunary things, old time. Thou knowest thou art my brother; and what is worse, a thousand impertinent people know it also. The man that keeps the children of his mother in a state of dependance on himself, will be hissed for it, whether he be a king or a taylor. I may marry and settle; that bargain goes against thee. I may handle a pair of dice,  
indulge



indulge myself with a kept mistress, or fall into half a score other fashionable follies that this wise generation has adopted for its ruin. I have not determined, it is true, to run headlong into any of these pits; but I am determined, if I do, not to drag a brother along with me. Mr. Henry was now too full for utterance, and Mr. John continued thus :

Thou forgettest, Harry, that fair monument which we have determined to erect to fraternal concord. Am I to lay the foundation of it in the pride of superiority, and thou, in the servility of dependance. Never can it be raised on such ignoble bases. Whilst thou keepest always looking up at me, and I, down at thee, what horrible obliquities of vision may we not contract.

Liberty and property for ever, Harry ! Fare thee well. Thus, my Nancy, I have given you a brief history, for Love has not yet appeared to lengthen it, and a sketch of their general behaviour to each other; in which you may observe something of that hilarity of temper, for which these gentlemen are conspicuous.

Mr. John is, at present, on a visit to the eldest son of Sir Richard Stanley, in Somersetshire. Mr. Henry will be detained



tained in London a twelvemonth longer to assist in disembarassing the affairs of his house.

Adieu, my Nancy, spare not the pen.

Your affectionate brother,

T. SUTTON.

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*John Chestyn, Esq; to his Brother.*

Wigton.

Rememberest thou, Harry, that wise conversation at the Bedford, the evening before I left town, betwixt ourselves and four right honourables. Six rakes at a tavern, with their silly heads full of champagne, reviewing their past lives, confessing and absolving; regulating the future; and settling the whole philosophy of happiness and pleasure. How easy for  
us



us to decide against the pursuits of ambition, into which we had never entered ; and to execrate the detestable vice of avarice, whose influence we had never felt. But the laws of love and *life* were tried on different principles. The small deviations from the path of moral rectitude in these favourite points, were frailties inherent to youth and affluence, venial errors, the mere foibles of human nature. Thus have men reasoned ever since Jupiter gave the wallet to a fool, who hung the wrong side foremost.

Thou and I, Henry, are engaged like the rest of mankind, in the pursuit of happiness, and may possibly differ about the road. Let us observe that taken by the generality of *young* fellows of fortune, the bottle, the dice, or a mistress ; for those of a riper age, a blue ribbon, or a plumb. In the train of the first walk, disease, imbecility, and ruin. The common attendants on the latter, are simulation, dissimulation, and sordidness. Excess of corporeal pleasure produces excess of corporeal pain ; for nature always punishes the breach of her own laws. Vice is armed with the sting of a thousand scorpions. Peace, equanimity, and the whole tribe of agreeable sensations are in the train of virtue only.

But



But what is virtue? Action directed for the benefit of mankind. And what actions are we able to perform for its service? Enchanted castles, virgins immured, and Hesperian dragons are no more. It is not given to every one to become members of parliament, or justices of peace, or to be good for any thing when they are so.

But every man may fall in love.

I stop here for a moment to assure thy doubting soul that it is I, even I, who have strung together all these fine moral reflections, without the aid of Epictetus. But as thou hast philosophy enough to know there is no effect without a cause; know then, that amongst other visitants here, are a James Foston, Esq; and a Julia his daughter; of whom, at present, I will say no more than this; he acts the virtue I only talk of; and she justifies the conclusion of my moral.

Farewell,

JOHN CHESLYN.

*Henry*



*Henry Chestyn to his Brother.*

London.

**I** Received a letter from thee, Jack, whereof I understand but little, and to what end thou troubledst thyself to exhibit that piece of morality still less. Introduced without a cause; pursued without a purpose; and concluded with the loss of thy reason. Love and virtue! Is it in the temple of ancient or modern virtue, thou wilt chuse to be initiated? Is the majestic Juno to preside over thy amorous rites? or preferest thou the gentler dalliance of the Paphian queen?

So, for the benefit of mankind, every man may fall in love. Excellent conclusion, and perfectly similar to Jago's "Chronicle of small beer." I pardon thee this conclusion however in favour of that of thy epistle, which saved me from the influence of Julia's bright eyes; the dimples on her lovely cheeks; the charming *contour* of her face; the delicate turn of her limbs; the hand of ivory; the ear of wax;



wax; and all the long et cætera; the fatigue of which, though spared me for the present, must come, even to satiety. Well, be it so; every man should be indulged in the riding of his hobby horse, when it is not a vicious beast; and though I do not intend at present to get upon the back of one of thy breed, I may chance to mount one almost as capricious, and weary thee in my turn with curvettes.

I could find in my heart to send thee a dozen or two of newly discovered moral apothegms, known to all mankind, only a few thousand years or so; but I am a christian, and do not delight in vengeance. I will therefore fill up my letter with lamentations of the fate of my poor friend Tom Sutton, and execrations of his uncle Samuel.

Tom, as thou knowest with little more than a splendid shilling in his purse, has as kind propensities to his fellow creatures, or would canonize a bishop, if bishops were canonized for benevolence. Samuel, a man of thousands, has his benevolent propensities also; but they all center in himself.

About forty years ago, the Halifax waggon brought Samuel up to London to seek his fortune. He found it in the kitchen of an hardwareman in High Holborn.



Holborn. Two years he blacked his master's shoes with so much skill and docility, that he was advanced into the shop. Samuel had his due portion of the cunning of the county that produced him, and as much servility as if he had been born two hundred miles nearer the north pole.

The business increased under his management; the hardwareman grew rich; riches produce luxury, Jack; and luxury, idleness and the gout. Samuel saved a penny now and then, just sufficient to enable him to purchase the stock at his master's death.

Twenty-five years plodding procured Samuel all he had set his heart on; it being his determination to quit all care and business when he was worth twenty thousand pounds.

The man who has nothing to do finds it difficult to do any thing; Samuel found his arm chair irresistible. The arm chair engendered weariness; weariness begat the spleen; and five years habit has confirmed him the most growling and ill conditioned tyrant within the bills of mortality.

Let us do him justice, however. Tom has obligations to him for a genteel though not a learned education; and, indeed, for his whole support since the death of his father.



father. It is but lately that Tom has felt this very extraordinary portion of his uncle's ill humour, which he thinks so severe, so mortifying, and so degrading to a liberal spirit, that he is serious in his determination of fixing in some way of life that will give him bread, however scanty, with independance.

Full of this leading idea, Tom happened to spend an evening lately amongst some reputable merchants. The conversation turned upon East-India affairs, and one gentleman said he knew of a lieutenancy or two in their service, which might be had for a moderate sum. This was no great establishment it is true; but it was bread and employment; and to those who depended on chance for the advancement of their fortunes, the East afforded a scene as fruitful in contingents as any country in the world.

So much was said on the subject, that Tom, who is young, sanguine, and weary of idleness, imbibed the spirit of adventure strongly. He dared the next day to break it to his uncle, whose bosom it inflamed with ungovernable fury. From this proposition flowed two corollaries; one highly disagreeable, the other excruciating. It indicated a certain dissatisfaction the young gentleman had conceived,



ceived, with the mild government of his uncle; and it tended to diminish the round square sum of twenty thousand pounds. Samuel vented his rage in a torrent of obloquy, which received additional grace and energy, from a number of fair round oaths, in the coining of which Samuel is an adept. Tom ventured upon a reply, which perhaps had more spirit than prudence; Samuel, in endeavouring to discharge a dozen execrations at once, grew absolutely black in the face, and plumped upon the floor. Tom, alas! who knew not what he did, unbuttoned, untwisted, and besprinkled him with such perseverance, that he presently recovered, and the first use he made of his tongue, was a liberal donation of his nephew to the devil. Tom, not liking this disposition of his uncle's effects, retired; has since been forbid the house, and at present resides with me. This usage has more determined him to enter into the East India Company's service if he can. But how to raise the money? This difficulty, great as it is, he thinks he shall find means to overcome. He has just heard that——  
Fare thee well, Jack.

Thine H. SUTTON.

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Mr.



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*Mr. John Cheslyn to his Brother.*

Wigton.

**I**N the 7th chapter of St. Matthew, and the 6th verse, you will find these words; that is, if you look for them, Henry. "Cast ye not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rent you."

Pearls are didactic apothegms, Harry; a bushel of which I threw before thee. Thou didst trample upon them; thou didst evince thy nature, and it will be wise in me hereafter to feed thee with husks and acorns.

But I cannot be wise, and besides have nothing but pearls to give thee. Julia Foston, of whom I *must* speak to thee, is herself a pearl, the richest of all her tribe, whether the epithet be literally or metaphorically applied.

Her beauty would not be beauty in the eyes of a connoisseur, for her complexion, properly speaking, is neither of the lilly nor the rose, nor that of a Catherine pear on the side next the sun. Her stature is rather low; there is neither dignity in her

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mien, nor majesty in her motions. Grace we must allow her; but not that soft, that easy, swimming, factitious grace, the pride of our present race of lady Mary's. It is something, more her own, and infinitely more engaging. Her hair is a glossy brown, undefiled with powder or pomatum; and she is so poor an adept in the Ton, that she permits it to flow in natural ringlets; whence the ladies of this neighbourhood say she is a *perfect sight*; and most of the men agree to it.

I confess, Harry, that I am incapable of going through the orderly detail of ruby lips, and rosy dimples; I must therefore request thee to make up the rest of her person according to thy own good liking, whilst I proceed to the qualities of her mind.

I well remember, how sick the novel writers have sometimes made both thee and me, with a profusion of epithets heaped upon their object, without any regard to number, or propriety. I will not offend the truth, or thee, with one that is not strictly just.

I have said she is not beautiful; but there is an inexpressible sweetness in the *tout ensemble* of her features, which seems to flow from a mind in full possession of peace, and all the social affections. The  
music



music of her voice denotes the harmony of her bosom. Her words breath the very spirit of benevolence, and discover that truly feminine delicacy and elegance of sentiment so captivating and so applauded. Add to this, that retiring modesty, that seems to wish itself unseen, and shrinks at the boldness of inspection, and thou hast all I shall at present favour thee with by way of encomium.

She is lately come from the English convent at Bologne, where she has spent the greatest part of her life. The manners of the great world are unknown to her, except from books. But the largeness of her fortune will render it necessary for her to mix with this great world, where I doubt it will be impossible long to maintain her beautiful simplicity of manners.

Her father spared no expence to procure her the best instruction her situation would admit.

She plays well on the harpsichord; draws with taste, and paints indifferently. Her favourite amusement is reading; and she is more addicted to books of science, than to those of entertainment. If I dared to love her, I am not certain but I might wish this article reversed.

She is a native of Muxadabad, and



thereby hangs a tale. But it is a pearl of a story, with which impertinent and abusive people, ought not to be indulged.

Continue to communicate the concerns of our friend Tom, whom I esteem and wish to assist; but the taxes which fashion and administration unite to load us with, are so grievous, that a country gentleman out of debt begins to be a phænomenon.

JOHN CHESLYN.

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*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

THAT thou lackest wisdom, Jack, I appeal to thy own testimony; and from the portrait thou hast drawn of Julia, it is probable thou lackest understanding also. Till I have seen the original of thy laboured picture, I chuse not to affirm this; but will generously give thee credit for the perfections of this paragon. As to thy  
 oriental



oriental pearl, it is I suppose much like that of other people's. Some monopoly of beetlenut, or the purchase of a whole district of rice; some Rajah deposed, and his treasures and territories plundered; or some other tale of mercantile or military oppression, for which our generous countrymen are at present famous. If I am right in this conjecture keep to thyself the rich regale. I have blushed enough.

Yet to the school of integrity I am endeavouring to send my friend, whose ardour is at present unquenchable by all the cold water I have hitherto been able to throw upon it. It is true his active genius is well suited to the scene it is likely to be engaged in, and he possesses a large portion of that determined industry, which conquers difficulties, that to more timid spirits seem insurmountable. Along with a vast profusion of Eastern lore which Tom has acquired upon this occasion, he has learned, that there are in this good town a multitude of the sons of Israel, amongst whom some one may probably be found benevolent or daring enough to accommodate him with money on terms wherein the prospect of gain shall bear a due proportion to the risque. This proportion indeed is not to be found



in Cocker's arithmetic, but is the united effect of the ingenuity of these gentlemen in the estimation of chances, and the necessity of the borrowers.

From six different applications only one money-holder condescended to offer him terms. He was a Mr. Benjamin Ben-azar, living snug in a blind alley near Shore-ditch, with one wife and one concubine. It ish strange business, says Benjamin, you not got von relation, von friend in de varld, and you come to man of oder country, oder religion; and you tell him, me vant six handred pounds. For vat? To put myself in a way to be knock'd on the head firsh opportunity. And den vere ish my money?

Loft, Mr. Ben-azar. On the other side you will observe, that many a soldier of fortune has returned from the East with a lack of rupées in his purse. Then I have a rich uncle, whose heir at law I am; though I frankly confess we are at present on bad terms, and he may if he pleases, disinherit me by will. I have a sister whom I love, and friends, who are dear to me, though I will not apply to them on this occasion. I go with an intention to make my fortune, and to return home and enjoy it. Compute the chances pro and con, and if you chuse to furnish me, let me



me know at once what sum I must become bound to repay you when I have the happiness to revisit my native soil.

Holy Aaron! says the Jew, it is vasht risques. Mush money for von man. Musht proceed by de vay of policy, and underwrite you. Vill consult some my broders to day at Jonathan's, and to-morrow you may call vor answer.

To-morrow produced from Benjamin and his broders the following elaborate rescript.

We Benjamin Ben-azar, Joshua Solomons, and Moses Levi, do jointly consent and agree to pay Mr. Thomas Sutton the full and entire sum of six hundred pounds sterling, provided the said Thomas Sutton do bind himself, his executors, administrators and assigns, to pay unto the said B. B. J. S. and M. L. two thousand five hundred and twenty pounds of the money of Great-Britain, in one year after the 1st of January next, to be recovered in the court of common pleas. That is to say:



|                                                                                                                     | per cent. | £.      | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|---------|----|----|
| 1st. For the risque of the vessel in performing her voyage to the East-Indies.<br>N. B. It is war time.             | 30        | 180     | 0  | 0  |
| 2dly. For the risque of the constitution of the said Thomas Sutton by fevers, fluxes and changes of climate.        | 60        | 360     | 0  |    |
| 3dly. For the risque of his life in the way of his profession.<br>N. B. It is war time.                             | 30        | 180     | 0  | 0  |
| 4thly. For the risque of the said Thomas Sutton's never being able to acquire property to pay his debts.            | 200       | 1200    | 0  | 0  |
| 5thly. For the risque of his not chusing to bring home the said property for said use in case he should acquire it. | 100       | 600     | 0  | 0  |
|                                                                                                                     |           | £. 2520 | 0  | 0  |

Vary low terms, Maishter Sutton, says honest Benjamin on the delivery.—Vasht great risques—But me and my broders do consent to *do* you, because it ish good vork, though it ish not von of our ten com-



commandments. Sho you vill take times to consider and let us know your minds.

Now I think, Jack, we had better *do* the lad ourselves in the way of bond, since our purses are empty, and cheat lady Fashion of some of her taxes. As the Jew says, consider of it.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

Sirs,

Wigton,

*Six days after sight please to pay Mr. Thomas Sutton, or order, six bundred pounds, value in account with*

John Cheslyn.

Messrs. Solmes & Co.

Bankers,

London.

No! I will be bound for no man; was the answer of an honest friend of mine, who was applied to, to join in a bond, in order to release an acquaintance from an arrest: No! I will be bound for no man; it is sufficient if I pay the money.

B 5

Thy



Thy cursed Jewish arithmetic, Harry, struck so forcibly upon my nerves, and so disordered the isochronism of the pulsations, that I found it necessary to *prescribe* for myself. My friend's abovementioned expedient no sooner occurred to me, than *I took it*; and found it so salutary for restoring the system, that I here recommend it to all lords, ladies and others, whom it may concern, to use it on the like emergencies.

Do not burden the mind or memory of the poor lad, with the recollection of that savage instrument, a bond; I shall expect to be repaid when he returns, crowned with laurels, and hung round with Jaghires. May his fortune resemble that of Mr. Foston, who went out a writer in the service of the East India company, but was a lieutenant under Col. Clive, when the chapter of accidents, and the exercise of all the virtues of humanity, gave him possession of a fortune, that exceeded his wishes, almost as much as it exceeded his hopes.

The *Virtues* of humanity, Henry! what word would your proud metropolitan nabobs substitute for this, were they to account for *their* acquisitions with a strict regard to truth. Fear not that any action of this man should make thee blush, except at thy own —inanity. Yet shall thy insolent insinuation  
tion



tion be punished as it deserves; for he who escheweth knowledge deserveth ignorance.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

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*Henry Chestyn to his Brother.*

London.

**T**HOU makest such a pother about this new acquired friend of thine, that I could almost begin to believe there may be something in him that may be worth the looking at, and in his story worth the hearing. But he is the father of a goddess; a most celestial attribute. A plague upon my pen, it is always running headlong into these vile insinuations. Regard them not, Jack, but have the brotherly kindness to detail me out a few of these human, perhaps superhuman virtues; for I assure thee, whatsoever astonishment the discovery may create, I could bear an addition



to my own stock, without any visible incumbrance.

Thou wilt be convinced of this when I inform thee, and it troubles me to make the confession, that this exertion of thy benevolence to Tom, did not at first sight please, so much as it astounded me. A pair of troublesome passions arose, at seeing thee soaring aloft, and leaving me to crawl under thee as well as I was able. But the man, says I, is in the very midst of his intercourse with the celestials. No wonder he is preternaturally addicted. I *will* be revenged one day or other notwithstanding. This vow of vengeance was my peace-offering, and I grew enough composed to communicate to Tom.

I am, alas! neither a painter nor a poet; I can neither draw attitudes, nor describe sensations; and indeed, only the pencil of Hogarth, or the pen of Cotton, would be suitable to the purpose. Generous sensations were never disgraced by a more burlesque appearance. I had expected Tom would have opened all the sluices of his rhetoric upon the occasion: he only opened the sluices of his eyes. The tropes at length burst forth; but as they were altogether unintelligible, I took the lad to a tavern, in order to make him drunk, for the speedier recovery of his senses.

It



It is very true, says Tom, towards the end of the second bottle, in reply to an observation of mine, that his uncle's anger seemed to be an effect without a cause; it is very true, I never did account for my uncle's wrath in a satisfactory manner; for if it had not existed long before I broached my East India scheme, the bare mention of that could not have produced so furious an effect. But there is a lady in the case, and I have a strong aversion to disclosing the secrets of the fair.

Mrs. Betty Blossom, a virgin on the wrong side forty, has done my uncle the honour to superintend his household affairs about a dozen years. She was something tall, and something strait, and always so neat in her apparel and so prim in her motions, that like the Irishman in Johnson's pastoral, a man might be smit with her presence behind: and even before, though nature had given her a flat and snubby nose, no fiery meteors had yet appeared thereon. Her eyes, though small and grey, were not yet bleared; nor had purple protuberances yet arisen, to deform the shining polish of her face. These additions and emendations she owes to a sweet pliability of temper, which seldom permitted her to put her own will in competition with that of so indulgent a master.



a master. My uncle, on his first retiring from business, had still taken his evening potations at the usual club; but assailed by the gout on one side, and this virgin gentleness on the other, he had broke through this propensity, and spent most of his evenings at home. His favourite liquor was punch, Mrs. Betty's became punch in conformity. For the quantity, my uncle's measure was that degree of ebriety in which a man feels he can walk with due deportment. Betty's was no more. These attic evenings, in time, produced a wonderful friendship and cordiality betwixt them.

Mrs. Betty had the goodness to make my school vacations very agreeable. From twelve to fifteen I was a lovely child; her pastry was delicious; her jellies excellent; and her clean cotton stockings were incircled above the knee by a crimson garter terminated by a silver fringe. In my college vacations I was a sweet youth; the offerings of Ceres gave place to the rich home made juice of the grape; I was no longer honoured with a *voluntary* display of the fringed zones; for this happiness I was now obliged to struggle. At last I became a perpetual resident, and as I still claimed the liberty of saluting Mrs. Betty occasionally, and now and then of pressing her beauteous bosom with



with the palm of my hand, I was a fine gentleman, with money always in my pocket, and sometimes a sword by my side.

I studied in my bedchamber, to which Mrs. Betty having free access in quality of housekeeper, she did me the favour to keep my hearth in order, and my fire from languishing. I repaid these kind attentions with little civilities in *my* way, but I confess with no great degree of ardor. One fatal afternoon, whether this ardor, or the timid apprehensions of my lovely Sacharissa had increased, I know not ; but receding from a freedom I was scarce conscious I had taken, the bed impeded her retreat. She fell—but not “like stars to rise no more.”

Meek eyed modesty had scarcely raised her wings for flight, when she was recalled by the voice of a black eyed brunette, who did the inferior offices of the house. I raised the trembling virgin, and with a hasty salute, dismissed her, declaring she would inform my uncle of my wickedness. But “with her absence, cool reflection came.” There was very little doubt but Mrs. Betty administered love to my uncle occasionally as well as punch. I was the child of his bounty. Ought I to become the invader of his rights? Rights, for ought I know, as dear to him as if they had



had been sanctioned by the archbishop of Canterbury.

These sober reflections were much strengthened by the black eyes of my little brunette, and the red ones of Mrs. Betty. Not many hours elapsed, before this generous creature gave me an opportunity of testifying my repentance. I asked her pardon with much gravity, expressed great contrition for my late rudeness; assured her I detested myself for the thought of injuring so much goodness; and promised never more to offend, if I was happy enough to obtain her gracious pardon for the past.

There is a silly kind of vacancy that sometimes takes possession of the human face divine, when a favourite proposition has been rendered completely ridiculous, by a sudden back stroke of an antagonist. Something like this appeared in Mrs. Betty; but neither it, nor the confusion of mind that usually attends it, held her long.

O, yes, says she, I pardon you with all my heart, and give you joy of so glorious a victory over your passions. Chastity is quite adorable in so young a gentleman, and will make you the delight of our sex, and admiration of your own.

I wish you, says she, with a departing curtesy, reverently low, all the rewards of vir—tue. In



In spite of the sense of moral goodness, which some philosophers and some divines have told us is the never failing balsam in all such cases, I felt myself a very ridiculous fellow. Not Epictetus himself could have moraled away this feeling. Tell me, ye who know the secret springs of human actions, tell me, why a few kisses ravished from the half reluctant lips of my black-eyed Nancy, did that in a few instants, which reason and religion had failed to do in as many hours? Oh! thinks I, if Mrs. Betty did but know the progress I am now making in virtue. In fact, I had no cause to doubt Mrs. Betty's sagacity.

All of a sudden I found the peevishness of my uncle more immediately directed to myself. Sometimes he honoured me with long admonitions against the indulgence of the vices of the age, amongst which incontinence was of the first magnitude. Sometimes he would break out into hasty ebullitions against extravagance and foppery.

I was ruminating one morning concerning this change and its consequences, when Nanny came into my room, with her hat and cloak on, and a small bundle under her arm.

What is the matter now, Nanny, whither are you going?

To



To seek a new place, and a better mistress, Sir.

Indeed! is it of your own seeking, or does Mrs. Betty dismiss you?

Nay, I am fairly turned away, says Nancy, and at an hour's warning.

For what, says I?

For being kissed forsooth, says she, making me a curtesey.

Prithee tell me all about it.

Why you know Sir, of late you have done me the honour to take a little more notice of me than you ought to have done. Mrs. Betty, who loves virtue—in other folks, was afeard of my character, and so has sent me out of harm's way. And I think it won't be long before she sends you out of harm's way too, for I am sure you are in it at present.

What do you mean, Nancy?

Why, I'll tell you the short and the long of it, Sir. About a week ago you was pleased to be a little sweet upon me in this very room; and as I was glad to get away from you in a hurry, I heard a rustling, and just catch'd a glimpse of Mrs. Betty, before she could reach her own chamber. She has been curious cross ever since, and last night before you was called down to supper, Mrs. Betty was in the parlour with master, and both mortal glum; so I  
had



had a mind to know what they were at. So I hearkened at the door, and a curious tale I did hear, sure enough.

Mrs. Betty lamented the sad change that had happened in your manners of late, S r ; how sweet a young gentleman you was when you came first from college ; but London was such a monstrous wicked place, it would corrupt a saint, much more young gentlemen with plenty of money in their pockets. That to be sure it was no business of her's what money you spent, only it vexed her to think of so good a master's having spared and spared, and worked hard all his life, and after all to have it squandered away almost under his own eyes, and not by his own children neither. And here poor Mrs. Betty thought fit to cry a bit, and the old gentleman swore and growled. After a good deal more in the same strain, Madam very fairly charged you with having had the impudence to endeavour to seduce she herself from virtue ; and that you was rude to her more than once when she went into your room to stir the fire ; and now that you could not have your wicked will of her, you was carrying on an intrigue with that nasty slut Nan. Nay she had almost caught us in the fact.

Hearkners seldom hear any good of them-



themselves, and for fear of worse I stole away. Unfortunately James had a sight of me ; and as Mrs. Betty and he are upon very friendly terms, I make no doubt she was informed of the matter last night ; for the very first business she went about this morning, was to abuse me and send me packing.

And where are you going, Nanny ?

To my aunt's in Whitechapel, till I can hear of another place.

I hope you will allow me to call upon you now and then, Nanny ?

I beg you not to think of it, Sir ; for though it would do my heart good to see you, it is not for the credit of a young woman who goes to service, to have such a young gentleman as you come after her.

You are right, Nanny, take this last kiss, and this solitary guinea, which is all my pocket affords ; be a good girl ; preserve thy virtue ; and heaven bless thee.

Nanny accepted the kiss, but refused the guinea, because, as she said, she was richer than I. I prevailed at last ; the poor girl went crying away, and I have never seen her since.

This is the longest thing in shape of a letter I ever wrote in my life ; I begin to find myself addicted to scribbling ; it may become the *cacoethes scribendi*, for any thing.



thing I know. But I have leisure, and therefore will not stand upon a ballance of accounts with thee, neither as to length nor number. Besides, a *productive* epistle like thy last, might well stand against fifty abortions like this.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

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*Julia Foston to Laura Stanley.*

Wigton.

I HAVE been happy, my dearest Laura, several months in the embraces of my only parent; happy in my health; in my fortunes; and above all, in my friends; yet am I frequently sighing for my Laura and her convent. Such are the sweet habits of life, scarce any enjoyment of superior felicities can preclude a wish for the humbler pleasures to which we have been long habituated. The story of the old man who preferred imprisonment in the same apart-



apartment in which he had been twenty years confined, is scarce conceivable to those who roam the world at large ; but is probable to me, because congenial to my feelings.

I am now on a visit to our Harriet, who studies to oblige me, and I am much indebted to the kindness of Sir Richard Stanley and his lady, for the pains they take to render the visit agreeable both to my father and myself.

I should be much obliged also to your brother for his assiduities, if they were assiduities of complaisance only, but I hate pretensions. If ever I should be induced to marry, (a very improbable supposition, Laura) I think it will be with a man who knows how to make love without talking about it. The "still small quiet attentions" are the only ones to my taste, but in these, your brother is no adept.

He has now with him on a visit a Mr. John Chesslyn, with whom he had a short acquaintance at Paris. He is a Devonshire gentleman, possessed of two thousand pounds a year, and has the reputation of always wanting money without any apparent extravagance ; a mark of manners privately corrupt, or that he possesses that foe of avarice, a feeling heart. From some anecdotes concerning him, I am induced to believe the latter. He



He is a bachelor, and from certain delicacies of sentiment, concerning ladies, which fall from his lips occasionally, one may infer, he is not in haste to change his condition. If ever he does feel the tender passion, I am persuaded he will not adopt your brother's manner of shewing it. He is handsome, a circumstance that either administers no food to his vanity, or he has the art of concealing it. In the company of ladies, he is neither very officious in their service, nor totally destitute of gallantry; he enters willingly into their small talk, but has the uncommon art of changing it insensibly to something better, and still more agreeable. Amongst men, he is a man of taste and science, and in the hour of conviviality, a man of wit and humour. Hitherto I have not spoken of his foibles; and indeed he must be seen more intimately before these can be discovered. One folly, however, is so glaring, I must mention it; instead of myself, he has fallen in love with my father.

I am,

My Laura's ever affectionate friend,

JULIA FOSTON.

Mr.



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*Mr. Thomas Sutton to his Sister.*

London.

**N**OW, Nancy, arm thy tender bosom against the evils of love, for it will be powerfully assailed. If thy beating heart almost burst its alabaster bounds, at the recital of the common courtesies of friendship, what will it do, when thou hearest that the noble generosity of the elder Mr. Chesslyn, has restored to thy brother the peace my uncle's tyranny has long deprived me of; and with it, the active energy and independant spirit of a man. How long have I suffered my youth to lie in the lap of idleness, to bask in the moonshine of expectation, to crouch to despotism for its daily bread, and to give up all that is valuable to man, the exertion of the powers of the mind, and the native freedom of the human will.

To get rid of this debasing situation, Nancy, I would undergo any hardships; I would surmount any difficulties; encounter any dangers. Happily, thousands of brave and noble spirits have preceded



preceded me in the path I am going, and smoothed the ruggedness of the road. Your brother, Nancy, is now a soldier in the service of his country, a cadet to the East-India company; the brave and fortunate Clive was once,———no more. I expect your congratulation. My joys were wont to be yours.

As it will be several months before I embark, I will certainly take the first opportunity to pour out these joys in the bosom of my amiable sister.

Adieu,

T. SUTTON.

*Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

**B**Y the time Tom had finished his tale, we had almost finished the third bottle, and consequently our councils could not want spirit. We considered the case of Samuel from top to toe; the latter being already under the care of the faculty;

E . . . . . to



to the faculty we left it ; but the superior part being afflicted by a cruel banditti of diseases, with folly and obstinacy at their head, it was an act of kindness and humanity, to apply some power or other, to soften their barbarous ravages. Eloquence, invincible eloquence was the sole power which could be effectively applied; and as mine was then at its height, and the time about seven o'clock, we judged it proper I should try its force without delay. Tom's favouring genius had so directed, that I arrived at an instant when the same exhilarating deity who had raised my elocution, had poured as much good humour into the heart of Samuel, as it was capable of receiving.

I am come, Sir, says I, a mediator, a welcome mediator, I hope, betwixt you and your nephew, who tells me he has the misfortune to lie under your displeasure, without being conscious of any offence that can deserve it.

That is as much as to say, Sir, says Samuel, that I am a capricious old fool, and this most deserving young gentleman must be very ill used. One man's story is good till another's told. No body knows where the shoe pinches so well as he that wears it. But I will make no man a judge over me.

It



It is not necessary you should, Sir. You will please, however, to consider the consequence of thus rejecting him; of throwing him upon the wide world, without protection, and without support. You may force him to some desperate resolution, which you yourself may repent his having taken.

Here, Jack, I displayed the whole force of my oratory; setting forth as how, many young men had hanged or drowned themselves; many had lifted for common soldiers; many gone upon the highway, in similar circumstances. The harangue was long, and sufficient, as I thought, to have softened a heart of flint; and, though Samuel made many attempts to interrupt me, I went on, till I had fairly exhausted my matter.

I dont know, says he, Mr. a---a --- who you be, nor what right you have to come a preaching to me at this rate: you may be one of those gentlemen, for ought I know, as encourages him to lie out o'nights, and spend his money, and corrupt virtuous women. But I must tell you, I don't approve of none of those things. And there are other things besides, I can tell you, which I don't chuse to say nothing of, as has lost him my warm



heart for ever and ever ; and so you may tell him.

I thought, Sir, you might have been kind enough to give him a gentleman's education, in order that he might associate with gentlemen ; and, to my knowledge, he does not keep company with any addicted to the vices you mention.

You have your own good word to be sure ; but I kept company with sober citizens all my life, and don't think myself a bit the worse for it. I can't jabber French and Latin to be sure, but I understand the main point, Sir. And if I'd ha' thought learning would ha' made him such an ungrateful dog, I'd ha' kept my money in my pocket and put him 'prentice to a cobbler.

What has he done to deserve the imputation of ingratitude ?

More than I shall tell *you* about, Sir. Furthermore he wants to leave me in my old age, when he ought to ha' been a comfort to me, and go a soldiering. Let him, let him, and get knocked o'th head like a blockhead ; I warrant I know how to dispose of my means.

It would be wrong indeed, to think of leaving so kind an uncle ; the word kind a little accented, Jack. Sir ! says he.

Why,



Why, as you have stated the case, I think him very much to blame ; he cannot reasonably expect such success in the profession of a soldier, as is likely to be equivalent to your kindness ; for, it is generally believed you intend him for your heir, as I understand nature and the law have made him ; and I dare say you would have no objection to settling a decent maintenance upon him during your life, provided he will relinquish his present design.

Settle ? hah ! Tie myself up, hah ? and reward the dog for disobedience ? No, no, I do know better than that too. My estate is all of my own getting, none of your heirables ; can leave it to Thomas Nokes, if am so minded. What o' that ? I did design he should ha' had it, if he had not ——, a puppy ! Here, Sir, is a bank bill of a hundred pounds ; more than ever he could expect, after —— . And tell him never to see my face again.

If that is all the kindness you ever design him, Sir, the hand of common friendship will do more for him. Better he had had no uncle, no mercenary relation ; he would then have been taught some art, or some profession, that might have procured him an honourable subsistence ; which, if he obtains it from you, I see, must be ob-



tained by slavery, and by the servility of a spaniel dog. Good evening, Sir.—  
Good evening, Jack.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

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*Laura Stanley to Julia Foster.*

Bologne.

THE kindness of my Julia's letter, and the pleasure it has given me, are both inexpressible. Yet, the commencement of our epistolary correspondence has been so long delayed, that I had almost celebrated, with sighs and tears, the funeral obsequies of our friendship. I have been tormenting myself with the unavailing remembrances of our innocent pleasures, whilst you, amidst the joys of that world I long to enter, have been regretting your Laura, and her convent. So mild, so quiet was always the nature of your enjoy-



enjoyments, that could you have been indulged in the alternate amusements of your work, your music, your painting, and your books; a thought of the pleasures this same world could give, would never have drawn forth a single sigh. But, is this the end of our creation, Julia? To what purpose is it we learn those accomplishments that charm mankind, if we were to live for ever where there is no mankind to charm? This accomplished boarding school, for it is a convent only in name, can give us French, Italian, harmony, good-breeding, and the graces. What are these, more than embellishments of beauty? Aids to that stronger, kinder something, (you comprehend me, Julia) that nature has given us, to fetter these lords of the creation, and bind them to our will. For my part, I am so pleased with this admirable disposition of art and nature, that I am impatient to act the part they have allotted me; to join my Julia, and enslave mankind.

But you are a philosopher, and I am a madcap; *tant mieux*, we shall accommodate one another. You shall shew me the cotyledons of flowers, and I will shew you my last new cap. You shall entertain me with the generation of insects, and I will display my love letters



in amplest beau-spelling before you. I fancy, Julia, your conversations with Mr. Chesslyn, about the sexes of plants, and the generation of minerals and vegetables, must be very edifying. My brother, I doubt, understands that of animals only ; but that won't do for you, Julia. You are a mighty girl for generation in theory ; but here's a Miss Thompson, poor girl, sent prisoner here for the practice. What a sad thing, Julia ! This young lady has chose me for her confident, and as her story may serve to illustrate your theory, sometime or other I may *inform* you with it.

This badinage, I fear, will not recommend me to my sage Julia, whose thoughts and conversation hold no alliance with such girlish follies. But wisdom will come, when it will come !

I shall expect it in the next mail from Dover, in a form, whether of persuasion or reproof, that will be always welcome to

LAURA STANLEY.

*Nancy*



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*Nancy Sutton to her Brother.*

Attingham.

**M**Y kind, my unkind, my generous, impetuous brother ! you have almost broke my heart.

But one support on earth, that I could rest upon with confidence, and that torn from under me ; not by the cruel hand of necessity ; not by the allurements of hope ; but by the wanderings of a too impatient mind.

Are there not a thousand schemes you might have fallen upon to obtain, in your own country, a free and independent subsistence, but you must fly to foreign climes, to tainted regions, where war and desolation reign ; to become an adept in the murder of mankind !

Would thou wer't a cottager, my Tommy, thy wealth a flock of sheep, myself the shepherdes, and content our portion.

A farewell visit too ! Come then, and bid, if thou canst, farewell

To thy affectionate

NANCY.



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*John Cheslyn to his Brother.*

Wigton.

ONCE upon a time, Harry, lived a man, who bought an estate in land, lying in a form so round, so square, that if the mathematicians had had the ordering it, they could scarce have put more land within a less circumference. Only, there happened to be sixty acres in the center, the property of a neighbouring gentleman, with a right of road to it on three sides. These circumstances made the value of it to the new purchaser twice as great as to any one else. He therefore paid his neighbour the first friendly visit, which, according to the country etiquette, was paying him a compliment.

I am vastly fond, Harry, of extracting the marrow of conversations, by which means, the essence of an hour's talk, may be put into a minute's reading, and the matter, like my friend's land, may come within the least circum-

*£. 2000.*



Have you any objection, says the new comer to the resident, to selling such a parcel of land for a good price?

A good price would be a temptation, no doubt, replies the gentleman, otherwise,—it is an old family estate.

Will you name it, says the first?

About four thousand, says the second. Exorbitant, says the first.

'Tis above the market, doubtless, replies the second, and so it ought; its value to you is twice the common rate; and I think myself entitled to a better price on that consideration.

A gentleman, (the word a little accented, Harry) would think more of obliging his neighbour, than of taking advantage of his necessity.

The other resented the accentuation. Words arose. They parted. Opposed each other at the ensuing election, at the expence of twenty thousand pounds a piece, and still continue to do each other all manner of left hand kind offices possible.

A wise man, sayeth Solomon, seeketh his own emolument, by means the most likely to obtain it.

If there be any thing in the above tale applicable to thy negociation with Samuel



Sutton, thou wilt ask thyself, if thou art a wise man?

I will tell thee a story, above two thousand years old, which will shew, that thou mayest be a great politician, answer the above question how thou wilt.

Carthage, Harry, had settled colonies in the Hesperides, which, in time, grew to be worth something. Carthage desired to tax these fortunate islands: The fortunate islands did not desire to be taxed. The marrow of their negotiations may be comprized in the following short dialogue.

C. We are to desire you, gentlemen, to submit, patiently and lovingly, to a few taxes, which our country will do itself the honour to lay upon yours, as times and occasions may offer.

H. We must beg the favour of you to permit us to tax ourselves, as the people of your good country are accustomed to do, whom we are fond of imitating, and of calling our friends and brethren, upon all occasions.

C. To tax yourselves, will not answer our purpose; for how can you be judges of what we want?

H. At least as well as you can be, of what we are able to pay.

C. If



C. If you give us no more than you like, that will probably be very little.

H. If you take from us what you please, that will probably be very much.

C. We have laid a heavy load upon ourselves; for your emolument; gratitude ought to induce you to submit to our demands.

H. Honestly, now, did you do this for our sakes, or your own? But be it for ours, we are making your people a large return, by working for them with all our might. The greatest part of the whole profit of our industry has been always yours. Permit it to continue so. Turn all our trade into your own harbours, as you are wont. Tax in your own country the commodities you make us buy. But let us be favoured with the privilege your people so justly boast of as their greatest safeguard. Let us give and grant our own money.

C. As to the benefit of your trade, it may be something to our people in general; but what is it to the necessities of government? We want a benefit flowing full and fast into the exchequer; we don't understand your round-about way of sending it through the body of the people.

H. We



H. We believe it; otherwise you would certainly be content with receiving it, as you now do, in the best manner possible, for the good of the whole.

C. What we have already, we have no occasion to demand. More; gentlemen, more, and by a strait forward road.

H. We cannot consent to it.

C. Then by G--d we will dragoon you, till you do.

H. Pray, gentlemen, consider. Let us beg you to hear what we have to say? For both our sakes, gentlemen.

C. Implicit compliance, unconditional submission, and your money, are the things we want, and will have.

H. Win them, and wear them.

So Carthage sent out fleets and armies, and spent as much of her own money in five years, as she had expected to get of her colonies in one hundred. Fare thee well, Henry.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

*John*



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*John Cheslyn, Esq; to his Brother.*

*Wigton.*

SIR Howell Henneth, the great misanthrope, whose life and conversation may be classed in the number of Welch curiosities, died about a year since, and left his estate and effects to be contested amongst a number of equi-distant relations. These hopeful intentions of the knight, have been wofully frustrated by an amicable agreement, the consequence of which is, an immediate sale. The estate contains about four thousand acres, stretching along the coast of Cardigan bay. The family seat is a large old castle, in good, though gloomy repair; and well furnished in the seventeenth century fashion. Mr. Foston is actually looking out for something of this kind, and prefers a situation on the coast, for the benefit of the sea breezes, which are salutary for a complaint he contracted in Indostan. A Mr. Coring, of Gray's-inn, has the sale. Mr. Foston would



buy the estate, with the castle, and all its furniture; and begs that you will go to the said Mr. Coring, and hear his terms. In the mean time, Mr. Foston intends to visit the estate; and has done me the favour to request my company. He should have it, Harry, to the end of the world: his virtues command my esteem; his amiabilities my affection.

Besides, he is the father of Julia. Adieu, Harry; be speedy, and direct to Cardigan.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

*Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

**W**HAT a fine thing it is to be wise; never to have the sober judgment led astray by the vagaries of a wild imagination; never to have the calm tranquillity of the soul ruffled by disorderly passions; never to have —  
See Seneca, Jack.

Carthage



Carthage would have said for herself; Is the honour, the dignity of a mighty nation, to be insulted; and political high-mightiness to skulk under the petticoat of prudence?

I, for *my* self; is the pride of moral virtue to lose its native fire, and freeze under the cool covering of discretion?

I will be a tale in thy debt, Jack, whenever it happens, that thou art surprised into feeling; and I am betrayed into cool consideration.

The post has this instant brought thy second letter. I obey the contents.

Mr. Coring and I have had a full hour's conversation concerning Henneth Castle, and the terms of the sale; I inclose these terms, and the substance of the conversation. If Mr. Foston chuses to strike the bargain immediately, these terms must be complied with; because Mr. Coring has not power to alter them, without a meeting of the proprietors. This will take up much time, and may produce competitors. For, if I may believe this gentleman, he has already been treated with by a nobleman, who would have complied with the price, but would not take the old furniture of the castle, at the present appraisement.



ment, nor indeed if he could avoid it at any.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Foston, and shall be happy to serve him on this or any other occasion.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

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*James Foston, Esq; to Mr. Henry Cheslyn.*

Cardigan.

S I R,

I Have the favour of your packet, and am determined, by its contents, to accept Mr. Coring's proposals, without giving any farther trouble; and indeed, I look upon myself as rather lucky, in having intelligence of this business at so early a stage. If the whole merit of the situation had been more generally known, I must most certainly have met with competitors, who would have raised the value of it immediately.

I send you drafts on Drummond & Co.  
for



for 5000 l. to make the deposit agreed on, with full powers to sign the article on my part.

As one of the conditions is, that I shall be put in immediate possession of the castle, and its precincts, on signing the article; I beg the proper orders for this may be given; and you will please to request Mr. Coring to inform you when the conveyance can be compleated, in order that I, on my part, may be prepared with the purchase money.

For this purpose, I must sell out 40,000 l. of the three per cents. consol. which I should write to my broker to execute against the time, but that he does not stand altogether so fair in my opinion, -as that I can put so great a concern into his hands.

I should blush to request of you to undertake this for me, did not your brother assure me, you are never more in your element, than when you are obliging others; and, indeed, I find little difficulty in believing, that brothers may have kindred minds.

When this affair is finished, I shall hope to see you at the castle of Henneth; where, though I do not intend to follow the example of Sir Benjamin



68 MOUNT HENNETH.

jamin Beauchamp, in the peopling his Shenston Green, I do hope to form a neighbourhood of the worthy and the good. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged

JAMES FOSTON.

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*Julia Foston to Laura Stanley.*

Wigton.

I Know not, my dear Laura, how to express the mingled sensations, of pleasure and pain, the reading your letter gave me. My facetious friend can, if she pleases, give delight by her conversation, or her pen, without the aid of arch libertinism, the sly allusion, or the *double entendre*.

A prude, like you, will my Laura retaliate, may have as loose ideas, as a madcap like myself. The difference lies in the art of concealment.

Habits, my Laura, whether good or bad, are got by exercise. From the indulgence of ideas, too free or too gross, arises their greater strength and fre-



frequency. It may at length become the habit of the mind, and uncontrollable by the will; and what woman of delicacy would chuse to have her mind a slave to involuntary impurity of thought:

But it is a lesson of art, replies my Laura; nature has no hand in it.

And, can it be necessary then, for women, before they will put on the *robe of modesty*, to examine whether it was wove by the hand of nature? It is the fashion to wear it, and so becoming, so graceful, so universally approved, that no woman, I think, should lay it aside for an instant, even by herself. To be without it abroad, is like going into company naked.

I know not, my Laura, whether you will find wisdom in this packet from Dover; but you will find affection; and will easily pardon the freedom of friendship, without which it is but an empty name.

I am still the guest of Sir Richard and Lady Stanley; but expect soon to be made a princess of Wales, by my father, who is gone to purchase an ancient regal habitation there, called Henneth Castle. You, Laura, shall be one of my maids of honour; Harriet also, but



but that she takes so decided a part, in the treaty now carrying on, about my heart, and please you.

My highness is not very well pleased at this ; not because I should not think myself honoured by an alliance with the family of my Laura, but because I cannot reconcile myself to the impetuous temper of her brother. A man must have been much humoured in his infancy, who displays, in manhood, the petulance of a child, unable to obtain the toy he wants. He must know but little neither, of the softer affections, who imagines they can be generated by spleen and perverseness.

To increase the jest, Harriet absolutely scolds me for spoiling her brother's temper, naturally sweet and gentle. Gentle Laura ! I will make myself a road to your heart, says he, once in a fit of courtship, through the lungs of my rivals.

This was a menace for Mr. Chesslyn, who honoured it with a smile, his usual reply to these high soaring rants. Yes, Laura, this gentleman and I have found the secret of talking over all your catalogue of generations, without exciting an immodest idea. I am improved by his conversation, pleased and gratified by his



his politeness and attention. But there is nothing in these like love, at least like your brother's. Adieu! my Laura.

Your affectionate

JULIA FOSTON.

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*Mr. Henry Cheslyn, to James Foston, Esq;*

London.

S I R,

I Have the pleasure to wish you every felicity your new purchase can bestow; the article was signed, and the deposit money paid last night. Mr. Coring has fixed six weeks for the completion of the deeds of conveyance, against which time I shall take the most promising opportunity to sell out your 40,000 l.

My own acquaintance in the alley is small; but a very respectable young man, once a clerk to the house in which I was a partner, is now one of the clerks of office there. This gives him an opportunity of knowing the gentlemen of the college,



college, as they are called emphatically; and of pointing out to me those people who are known to do *real* business with honour and probity.

It is now near the time of the rescontres, and the angry bulls go bellowing up and down, damning the ministry, because the times are lowring like themselves. Martinico taken, or count d'Estaing, with his ships and men, conveniently deposited at the bottom of the sea, might enable these gentlemen to sell to advantage the stock they have contracted to buy. Now these are honest fellows, and heartily wish success to the arms of their country.

Not so the bears. These are gentry who have contracted to sell a certain quantity of stock in May next; and, having like the bulls little or no real property in the funds, are under the disagreeable necessity of first buying what they have engaged to sell.

The loss of Jamaica, or the defeat of Sir Henry Clinton, or any event which would give a temporary tumble to the stocks, would be propitious to these worthy gentlemen, who, if disappointed in these their laudable wishes, must waddle out in the character of lame-ducks.

Whenever you can call yourself settled at Henneth Castle, there are few of the  
ordinary



ordinary events of life can give me more pleasure than to attend you there.

I am, Sir,

With great esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

HENRY CHESLYN.

*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

**T**HOU hast been in holy catholic countries, Jack, where, contrary to the orders of nature, and the dictates of common sense, they shut up young girls, to bewail their virginity; but I never heard thou wert enough of a knight errant to release a single one of them from her burthen.

I have braver and more heroic feelings, and have happened of a nunnery adventure, which, if I can terminate it to my mind, will end according to custom, in



liberty to the damsel; and contrary to custom, in preservation of her virginity.

I supped at the Cocoa-tree last night with Sir James Scopton, and three or four more rakes of quality; thy acquaintance, Jack, not mine. After we had drank some half dozen bumpers to some of the filliciest people in this little kingdom, the ladies had their turn, and Sir James Scopton gave Miss Melton. And who is Miss Melton, Sir James? A nun. But lest any of your honours should think the dignity of your several fair ones injured, by the introduction of a nun of madam P—'s order into their respectable society, I must tell you all I know about her.

Not having the fear of God before my eyes, I last night rambled into the convent, over which Mrs. P— presides. The good abbess informed me of a new pensioner, whose name was Melton, brought there by the captain of a privateer, who took her upon the high seas in an American vessel. The captain continuing his cruize, sent the lady to his house at Deptford, whither he returned about a month ago.

Within a little week, alas! the captain was guilty of some indiscretions, which excited tumults in the bosom of his gentle spouse. It seems, she is of that order of  
women,



women, who cannot be jealous without anger; nor angry, without feeling emotions of revenge. In short, she raised a storm more dreadful to the captain than any he had encountered at sea, and at length drove him and the lady overboard. He took refuge with Mrs. P—, who he said was his near relation, and a most excellent woman.

The captain visited Miss Melton every day for a week, but finding he lost his time, his money, and his labour, he consoled himself with some of the sisterhood, and consigned her over to Mrs. P—.

Mrs. P— is a well-bred woman, and informed Miss Melton of her situation with all the politeness imaginable.

Miss Melton was not so polite. On the contrary, she asserted her claim to independency and freedom, (for she is an American) with great spirit and force of language; not without mingling certain inuendoes, by no means agreeable to the elegant ears of Mrs. P—. The captain swore she was his property by the laws of war. He had a better title from the lady's poverty and want of friends. Several gentlemen had been introduced to her; some she laughed at; others she abused; according to the mirthful or splenetic mood she happened to be in.



This account, continued Sir James, raised my curiosity at least; I determined to see her; and Mrs. P— conducted me into her apartment.

She was sitting at a table, a book in one hand, and resting her cheek upon the other. She raised her head, but discovered no emotion at the sight of us. Sir James Scpton, miss, announced Mrs. P—; a gentleman entitled to more civility than you are accustomed to shew. No doubt, replies miss Melton; and pray madam, is it to curiosity, or as you call it, to business, I owe the honour of this visit. Sir James will explain his own intentions, miss. Your part is, to acquiesce, and oblige. Else what follows, Mrs. P—? What generally does follow, to people who contract debts without regard to payment.

A gaol. Very well, Mrs. P—; but why will you not put this expedient in execution, before I have contracted a larger debt?

Because, miss, I hope to prevail upon you to be your own friend by gentler means.

You deceive yourself. The idea of death is more agreeable to me than that of prostitution. I am not ranting, Mrs. P—. I am the child of a thousand sorrows.



fows. Joy in any shape can never more enter my bosom. It cannot be worth your while, indeed it cannot, to subject me to violation, or the arts of seduction.

Her voice, which had been firm and monotonous, faltered in speaking this. Her bosom swelled; tears gushed out in a sudden and violent burst; she threw a cambric handkerchief over her face, and turned from us as if to conceal her weakness.

I withdrew without a word. The bawd followed me. Her encomiums on the delicate shapes, the wanton eyes, the alabaster bosoms of her other nymphs, were lost upon me. You will scarce believe it; but I actually went home to my solitary bed, to sobriety; and reflection.

Adieu, Jack,

Thine;

H. C.





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*John Cheslyn, Esq; to his Brother.*

Cardigan.

**T**HOU hast done me credit, Harry, by the diligence and ability with which thou hast hitherto conducted Mr. Foston's business. I will learn to abuse thee less, if I can; and moreover I will gratify thee with a description of some parts of the purchase thou hast made, which, by the powers thou hast sent us, we shall receive possession of to-morrow in form.

Henneth Castle, which covers about one acre of ground, stands on the summit of an hill, or rather in comparison of the mountains near it, an hillock.

This hill rises from the sea by a gentle acivity; the distance of the summit, in a strait line, is about half a mile; but the footpath winds to about twice the space. The horse-road is on the opposite side, rough, broken, and neglected.

The area, on which the house is built, is a dry loamy plain of twelve acres, walled round, not quite level, and contains a something that imitates at once a garden and an orchard; the trees old and  
covered



covered with moss; scrubbed hedges run into all manner of mishapenness; no exotic shrubs; and scarce a flower; but there is a tolerable collection of cabbage and cauliflower, and a few wall fruit trees, not altogether despicable.

The most capital object, however, is a noble stercoreary of ten years accumulation; unless you chuse to except about a million of new bricks, which cover the greatest part of the area.

The castle itself is a most noble Gothic structure, with an intolerable appearance of gloom both within and without. The windows being of the last, or preceding centuries, and half of them covered with ivy.

The building is so firm that forty years neglect has been able to do it little damage. The furniture is old and substantial. The best beds, six feet from the ground. The hangings, rich antiques. The second rate apartments ravaged by moths; the third rate, over-run by rats.

I am cut short in my description by the arrival of thy last. More, more of Miss Melton, dear Harry, if thou lovest me.

Thine, JOHN CHESLYN.



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*Henry Chestlyn to his Brother.*

London.

EVERY glass of wine I drank, after Sir James had ended his tale, tended to make me sick ; and the nausea was intolerable, when, after some frothy question and answer concerning Miss Melton's person, these brutes, pardon me, Jack, these gentlemen of the Ton, set in hard earnest about making their bets.

Above a thousand pound was honourably done ———, that she would, or would not persist in her resolution ; that mother P— did, or did not, get her ravished, or drugged, or imprisoned. But not a single sentiment of pity informed the breast of any one.

I bad good night, a long good night, Jack, to these thy honourable friends. I went home to bed, and dreamed of Miss Melton. She clung close about me the next morning, and infected me with a strange kind of languor and lassitude. I communicated the matter to Tom Sutton, whose  
milk



milk of human kindness is ready to boil over, before mine is thoroughly warm. We determined to see Miss Melton, if possible, that evening, and to act according to circumstances.

The evening came, and carried us, with unblushing fronts, to the theatre of our designs. An embroidered waiter shewed us into a very handsome apartment, and politely asked if we chose the ladies. We chose the mistress. The mistress was proud of the honour of our company; assured us her girls were exceedingly delicate, handsome, and well-bred; and fresh and untainted as a morning rose. Then send us in a couple of bottles of that wine which the dear creatures most like; and drink a bumper with us to the god of love. The wine came in an instant; madam filled three handsome glasses, and gave us a sentiment as fat as butter. And now, says she, let me send you the girls. The whole circle, by and by, madam; but at this instant our curiosity is on fire to see a certain votary of Diana, whom, Sir James Scpton told us, you keep by you as a phænomenon. Oh, Miss Melton, says she; Well! you're all alike I see; all mad for variety and difficulty. But you will throw away your time, I assure you.



I wish the sea had had her and her confounded captain at its bottom, before I had seen her face. I am fifty pounds out of pocket betwixt them both.

Then, I suppose, you would be obliged to any one who would pay you that fifty—and take her off your hands.

No, nor another fifty into the bargain, replies Madam P—, letting down her nether lip, and giving me a confounded leer; if I can once bring her to do business, and I have more ways than one, I can make two hundred of her the first month; and, before she is blown upon, sell her to some gouty lord for another.

A very profitable commerce, Mrs. P—.

Lord, gentlemen, so it ought. Consider our risques.

They are very great indeed; especially if you bring them *all* into the calculation.

Oh, as to that matter, says she, I have a good intelligence with some insurers of souls, especially at the tabernacle insurance office. And yet, I am not quite easy at times. But, come gentlemen, pouring out another glass, here is success to trade. But you must be upon honour. Fifty pieces are the least I expect, if you succeed with Miss Melton.

You

wiww

wiww wiww wi



You shall have them ; so please to send the compliments of two strangers to the lady, and beg leave to wait upon her.

No, no, replies she, follow me ; we use no such ceremony.

Let us have our way for once, Mrs. P— ; you know not what politeness and civility may do.

I have tried them, says she, to no purpose ; but as you please. A waiter was accordingly sent up, and returned with this answer ; that she believed the message was insidious ; that she received no visits willingly ; but she too well knew the place she was in, and its customs, not to be sensible that a denial would avail her nothing. Mrs. P—, and the gentlemen, must use their pleasure.

You see ; says Mrs. P— ; come along.

Miss Melton was walking along her apartment in much agitation. She took no notice of our reverences ; but turning to our chaste mother, with a mixture of anger and contempt, Mrs. P—, says she, I insist upon it that you subject me no longer to this insolent usage. I demand my liberty, or the execution of your country's laws. If I have incurred the penalty of imprisonment, send me to prison. This house is no legal place of confinement ; beware of the consequences.



Take care how you abuse the power, which lust and villainy have put into your hands, lest, friendless as you now think me, I may one day call you to a severe account.

Well, miss, since you are so proud, and obstinate, and ungrateful, I promise you, casting a glance at the mirrors and settees, you shall have other sort of apartments soon, replies Madam P—, with becoming stateliness; gentlemen, I believe our presence here is at present useless.

Permit us to stay a few minutes; perhaps we may be able to dispose the lady to some abatement of her anger.

Well, gentlemen, replies Mrs. P—, you are upon honour; but I expect your visit to be short. So down she went.

Since our visit is to be so short, Miss Melton, says I, will you permit us to make it as useful as we can. Assure yourself, in the first place, that we came not hither for the purpose you apprehend; we learnt a part of your story from Sir James Scpton, and our sole intention is to assist and relieve you.

Miss Melton turned to look upon us, with a kind of astonishment, but spoke not; I went on.

A lady, circumstanced as you are, must, and ought to be, suspicious. We scarcely expect



expect you to give us credit, when we say, we are influenced by motives of compassion only. The little we have heard of you raised our esteem; your present behaviour has increased it. 'Tho' we know not the nature of your misfortunes, we conclude they must have been severe to have thrown you into a situation so abhorrent to your disposition.

At the mention of misfortunes, the tear started into her eye; she threw herself on a seat, and, as I went on, became more and more unable to resist the rising sorrow; at length she hid her lovely face in her handkerchief, and gave free vent to the gushing tide. The sight melted us into silence.

Remaining thus a few minutes, when I thought the violence of her grief abated, I ventured to move towards her, and taking her hand, said, or endeavoured to say, something kind and soothing.

In an instant she slid from her seat upon her knees, and, clasping her hands together, gave me, in silence, the most beseeching, the most pity moving, soul subduing look, that ———. Unable to bear it, I sunk also upon my knee beside her; and, bowing upon her hand, endeavoured to speak, but could not.

Why,



Why, I know not, but her emotion seemed to increase; still on her knees, she turned half round, dropt her head upon the settee; and, with a deep-drawn heart-piercing sigh, fainted away.

We were lifting her up, in order to seat her gently, when Mrs. P— entered the room; and, seeing our employment, came simpering onwards, with nois and smiles of approbation; but, observing the true state of the matter, she exclaimed, what have you been doing, devils? then ran to the closet for water, and applied her smelling bottle with infinite bustle.

When Miss Melton recovered to recollection, and saw this infamous woman thus assiduous about her, she seemed to regard her with a look of disgust and loathing; which Tom observing, drew away Mrs. P— to another part of the room.

I took this opportunity of endeavouring to sooth Miss Melton, by the kindest expressions. She heard me some time in silence. At length, taking my hand betwixt both hers, and looking up at me, with a supplicating aspect, may the God of heaven, says she, reward you as you are now sincere. I will throw myself with confidence upon you; I will consider



sider you as the sole support of my affliction on this side the grave. To that grave alone will I ever more trust for relief, if I am now deceived.

I repeat your prayer, Miss Melton ; heaven so deal by me, as I execute with faith and honour the trust you repose in me.

By this time a warm dispute had arisen betwixt Tom and Mrs. P—; she insisting, that nothing but rude and indecent behaviour could have thrown the poor dear young lady into a fit.

Lord, madam, says Tom, I tell you it was a love fit ; and what does it signify to you, you know, how it is brought about, since, whenever it comes, you will have the benefit.

*A-propos*, Miss Melton, says I, I perceive it is very necessary to dissemble an hour or two, till we have fettled the best plan for getting you hence. This, I fear, cannot be done to-night, nor at all, perhaps, without a too liberal reward of vice, or an application to the laws of our country. Will you permit me to throw a mist over the old lady's eyes, by ordering a supper into your apartment ? at which, if you can bear her company for an hour, it may facilitate our designs.

Alas,



Alas, Sir! says she, I cannot judge; I can only confide; but let me petition you for early hours. Assuredly, madam.

What would you do with your *mal-a-propos* interruption? says Tom, cut Cupid's wings before they are half grown; endeavouring, at the same time, to prevent her approaching us.

I rose, as having observed nothing of this, and assuming the free air and licentious wink of a rake, (any docile fellow may learn it from thy companions, Jack) Mrs. P—, says I, Miss Melton has kindly given us permission to sup in her apartment, and hopes for the favour of your company. Let us have something elegant by ten. And, hark ye; madam, half whispering, send in half a dozen bottles of calcavella, to the unengaged part of the sisterhood, a peace offering for preferring the charms of a stranger to theirs.

But what did you do to my dear child, to put her into a fit, says she; I must know from her own mouth.

By all means, madam.

My sweet love, says she, I hope these gentlemen have comported themselves with due civility.

I don't complain, Mrs. P—.

But



But what put you in a fit, my child ?

Too much sensibility, madam.

Devil ! says she, to me ; I can't comprehend this ; and will my dear girl chuse any thing particular for supper ?

Nothing, madam.

Well ! I will go and give orders ; but you must beware of too much sensibility, child.

What a dear, sweet and precious daughter would you be, says Tom to Miss Melton, if you would but be good.

I must give you the sequel, per next post——For the instant is arrived, when I go to effectuate the release of this sweet girl. Adieu.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

*Laura*



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*Laura Stanley to Julia Foston.*

Boulogne.

THE pleasure I ought to have received from my Julia's last letter, breathing the soul of modesty and female delicacy, is much diminished by the sentiments I see she entertains of my brother.

Of all the variety of wishes, which present themselves in crouds to young and playful imaginations, I have dwelt upon none, with so much pleasure, as that of embracing Julia as my sister; with the double view of securing to my brother, the supreme felicity of connubial affection, and, to myself, the almost equal happiness, of a perpetual and unfading friendship.

But, if my brother cannot give back the felicity he must certainly receive; whether the disability arise from the caprices of his own head, or my Julia's heart, it is a sufficient bar to his pretensions. It is to be lamented, that there is, so generally, both in the parent



rents and tutors of heirs of fortune, a fatal bias towards indulgence. The eldest son of Sir Richard Stanley might have been more amiable, had he been the younger; and the faults of my brother might have been less conspicuous to you, Julia, if they had not been contrasted with the good humour, and other engaging qualities, of the free, the roving, and unwounded Chesslyn. What great sage was it, who observed, that love improves the solid qualities of the mind, but mars the brilliant. If this be true, draw two conclusions. First, that Mr. Chesslyn is an unstricken deer; and that my brother's wound may one day operate to his advantage. Look to it, Julia.

From the delightful employment of talking with my friend, I was yesterday evening called down—to say my prayers. Not quite so agreeable an amusement I confess.

Don't frown, Julia. Devotion is not the sum total of female good qualities. Truth has, or ought to have, its value.

On a review of my letter to this place, I declare, Julia, I cannot recognize myself, except, perhaps, in the last paragraph. All the rest is so wise, and so serious, that it must be an exotic, spring-  
ing



ing from that plant of wisdom, which came in the packet from England. The foil, the foil, Julia, is unproductive. I know it by this circumstance, amongst others, that notwithstanding I am unable to make a satisfactory reply to my elegant friend's dissertation on modesty, I cannot feel the necessity of this mighty shyness and reserve.—*Entre nous*. Alas! Julia! nature has ordered us to be particular and woful actors in this—what shall I call it? this—commerce of the sexes.—We may—act; but we must not—say a word; nor think,—if we can help it. Is this wisdom, Julia? And I have Miss Thomson's story to tell too, and no words to tell it in, but those, which, in spite of all I can do, will convey some ideas about this—commerce of the sexes. Bless the good heart of the he or the she, who first invented this modest and delicate term.

Miss Thomson, then, is a young and blooming virgin—Pshaw! I will make a reserve of this story, Julia, and not attempt to tell it, till I can get over the threshold at least, without stumbling. In the mean time I make my bends to your cambrian highness, and humbly sue for the post of first maid of honour, if



if I am not unfortunately disqualified by wrong—conceptions. I expect your highness's chastisement for this. Adieu. I kiss the rod.

LAURA STANLEY.

*John Cheslyn, Esq; to his Brother.*

Henneth Castle.

**Y** Esterday, Harry, we took the Castle, and, besides the stores in Mr. Coring's schedule, found three of those animals, whom it was formerly the custom, all over Europe, to assign, sell, and set over, with the rest of the chattels. A Mrs. Martha Gwynn, house-keeper, of twenty years standing; Sally Lloyd, a sprightly menial, and Christopher Cluydd, the old gardener.

Mrs. Gwynn seems about sixty, has a good understanding, and a decent, but not adulative exterior. I like her much.

She makes no secret of the little history of her life, which, indeed, has nothing singular in it. First of all, she was ruined after the manner of women. Secondly, she was married, and then, by an



an idle, extravagant husband, ruined, after the manner of men. Thirdly, she became a widow, and went into service to seek her fortune, served a score of fine ladies in the capacity of woman, grew sick of intrigue, caprice, and dissipation, and retired to Henneth Castle, to become housekeeper, slave, and gouvernante to Sir Howell Henneth.

This man's history, she says, would make two decent volumes of good novel reading ; the short-hand of it, is simply this.

At the age of twenty-two, Sir Howell found himself master of a large fortune, without father, mother, brother, or sister. He had gone through the college duties, stole a visit or two to town, caught a glimpse of its pleasures, and longed for a full enjoyment.

Twelve years he spent in all the pride and pomp of equipage ; gave the *Ton* to the *beau monde*, and became the fashion of the fair. Half a dozen trips to Paris, two to Italy, a score or two of *volant* amours, and a couple of duels, raised him to the summit of reputation.

Toward the end of this brilliant career, he became attached to Signora Laura Bellini, a Venetian lady of illustrious extraction ; for she was the daughter of a  
dancer



dancer at the opera, and possessed a reputation for chastity as pure and unclouded as her mother. For this precious possession he fought once with the son of a senator; was imprisoned two months; twice paid her debts; and finally brought her into England.

Besides this most lovely, most angelic of her sex, Sir Howell had the good fortune to possess a ——— FRIEND; a man of firm integrity and most unspotted honour.

For this dear friend he had engaged himself in two bonds for five thousand pounds; had bailed him twice; and an execution having been laid upon his goods, during one of Sir Howell's excursions, the knight, at his return, took him into his house, as he had before into his bosom, and supported him almost at equal expence with himself.

This dear friend repaid this generosity, by an elopement with lady Laura, with lady Laura's jewels, and with all the baronet's money they could get hold of in the course of a long premeditated fraud.

This double assassination of love and friendship distracted him. He traced his friend to Vienna. His friend run him honourably through the body; and having lost the most fiery part of his blood, he



he recovered and returned to England with the remainder.

He was complimented on his return with a demand of the five thousand pounds; his blood took fire again; he defended the cause through all the courts, and finally paid 6734l. 7s. 11d.

The consumption of all his ready money, and a debt of ten thousand pounds, brought him down again to temperate. Vain were the allurements of beauty; Ranelagh was insipid, the opera tasteless; he grew sick of all; and amused himself during a whole summer in marking seven thousand venerable oaks, which shaded his fair domain, and robbed the traveller of many a view of the antique turrets.

Philosophers say, effects cannot precede their causes. Ten thousand pounds was the allowed effect of the fall of the oaks in the following spring; but by some unknown powers of nature, or of art, this effect was produced ——— at the fall of the leaf. As the sum entered the baronets purse, the magic vapour ascended to the brain, and renewed its ancient phantasms. On the wings of the post, he flew to the grand theatre of pleasure; yet hurt with the remembrance of the past, he changed the immediate scene of action, and shone a distinguished member of the  
august,



august, illustrious, gold despising club at White's.

There let us leave him for the present; for the receipt of the second letter of thy adventure, has taken away all inclination to say a word more of his. Success attend thee, Harry.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

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*Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

**O**H, Jack, Jack! now could I drink hot blood; or bay the moon. Now could I direct the artillery of heaven against those things, called ministers; who make the murder of mankind their sport; who, from the lap of luxury, issue out their orders, to ravage, to assassinate a land. Thou knowest with how stoical an apathy I bore the loss of my property, by this plague and pestilence of Britain, this jest of the surrounding nations, this American war! But the sufferings of the accomplished Miss Melton, of the girl I love, or fear I love, raises the storm of

Vol. I. E passion



passion too high for restraint. I have lost her, Jack; lost her by the vile artifice of the detested Mrs. P—. If anger would let me, I could lie down and die.

Adieu.

The silence, rather than the sleep of the night, has assuaged the tempest that raged within me; and as I have an hour to the time of action, I will employ it in the continuation of my tale.

After the departure of Mrs. P—, we prevailed upon Miss Melton, who seemed quite spent with her emotions, to eat a biscuit steeped in wine. Nor did we omit any thing in the power of words, to bring her mind to cheerfulness, or at least to composure. To inspire her with a greater degree of confidence, we told her all we had to tell concerning ourselves. I told her of the fall of my house. Alas! says she, then we are sufferers in the same cause. I told her of the wickedness of my brother. She blessed my brother. In return she told the latter part of her own sad tale. I cannot relate it now. Nor never, never shall I relate it with half the sweet and tender eloquence with which it was expressed; and which, with the wreck of beauty she still retains, persuades



suades me, that once she must have been the most lovely of her sex.

A different scene succeeded; for the supper came; and with it Mrs. P—; who supposing things in the train she wished, smiled and smirked, and poured out such a profusion of odious fondness on Miss Melton, that the nausea was intolerable.

After supper, I drew Mrs. P— to one side of the apartment, and endeavoured to persuade her that it was not her interest to detain Miss Melton for the purposes of prostitution, which ought to be a commerce with the willing only.

A little unwillingness, she said, served to enhance the value; the eager volunteers were not the most sought after.

That respects the exterior of decency only; no gentleman will bear the absolute repugnance which he will always meet with from this lady.

Not always, perhaps; and smiled.

Mrs. P—, says I, you may subject the body of Miss Melton to violation; you may lay her virtue asleep by drugs; or drive her out of her senses by various means. If you do any of these, the torments of the damned will be too mild a punishment for you; if you do not, I am



convinced, abhorrence of the vice, by which you live, will never leave her.

As I spoke with emphasis, I could perceive the wretch tremble and turn pale. I lavished upon her a few more of my moralities, and concluded with advising her to make a fair and honest bill, which I would discharge to-morrow, and remove Miss Melton to some cottage in the country, where she may regain the tranquillity she has lost by tumult and ill-usage.

Curse your cottage, says madam P—; I see what you are at; and do you think I will resign her quietly into your possession for the paltry sum of fifty pounds?

I shall not attempt to persuade *you*, Mrs. P—, that my sole view in this affair is a virtuous one. But I must let you know that Miss Melton is a free woman, and has a right to go where she pleases.

No, she said; Miss Melton had been the property of captain Suthall; he took her prisoner upon the sea; he gave her into my custody; and to no other man will I deliver her.

Except a gouty lord; or under an hundred guineas. If, Mrs. P—, I really had the intention to debauch Miss Melton, I should, like a man of modern honour, pay you for the value received. But, not-  
with-



withstanding what you think, as I *know* I have a contrary design, I think it hard to be forced to pay for the little good one is able to do in the world ; nor do I think it much, for the world's benefit, to be too liberal in the reward of vice.

You are a useful woman, in your way, Mrs. P—, I own ; populous cities, for ought I know, might be worse without you, but certainly you should only beat up for volunteers ; and not be allowed to *press* into the service.

Mr. a---a---, says she, I have not the honour to know your name ; simple fornication is not the only vice of populous cities. There are such things as fraud and hypocrisy. Experience has taught me the value of an old caution of my mother's. " Whenever you hear a man brag of his honesty, take care of your purse."

Well hit off, Jack.

I am not bragging of my honesty, madam ; I am only exercising my compassion. You will not have the worse customer of me, for releasing Miss Melton.

Words are nothing, Sir.

True, madam. I will therefore wait upon you to-morrow evening, and endeavour to convince you by things. In the mean time you will please to consider my proposal ; I will just take leave of Miss

E 3 Melton,

M

W

W

W

M

M

M



Melton, and discharge my bill at your bar.

I did these things, Jack; and got clear of the house for something under five guineas; three of which the kind sisterhood had honoured us with the libation of, in arrack and calcavella.

The following day, my thoughts, words, and works, were all the sorrowing fair one's. I armed myself with proper authority to demand, if I could not obtain her; and actually took with me in the evening, two peace officers with warrants, whom I placed under the conduct of Tom Sutton, within three doors of Mrs. P—'s habitation.

Judge of my surprize, confusion, and rage, when this detested old woman answered my enquiry concerning Miss Melton's health, by informing me she was gone. Many a kind and affectionate lesson hast thou given me, my brother, on the impetuosity of my temper; I flatter myself they have sometimes been of use; but here, all reflection was lost in an instant; my imagination kindled, and wisdom took an hasty flight. Mrs. P— kept her coolness.

Gone! Where? Take care, madam, for by the God of heaven, if she has been injured, most amply shall she be revenged. O, Sir,



O, Sir, says she, with a malicious sneer, I doubt not of your zeal—for good-works. But she is already in safe hands, Sir, very safe hands. She will be—protected, Sir, and, in due time, meet the rewards due to her—virtue, Sir.

The tone and manner of this, drove me to distraction. I drew my sword, and might have been mad enough to have used it upon the old beldam, but she was gone in an instant. I flew to Miss Melton's rooms; they were empty. I searched half the house over; sent the frightened women into their garrets, and the waiters into the cellars; and, finally, left the house, imprecating vengeance on the execrable occupier.

Oh, Jack, Jack! what a thing is man, when under the influence of passion! I could not boast a moment of propriety during the whole evening. Tom reasoned, soothed, scolded, and abused me, equally in vain. Perfect fatigue, and weariness of anger, threw me at length into the arms of sleep. The first hour of the morning I have devoted to this confession of my follies. I am become more rational; and we are now rallying forth in quest of intelligence, deter-



mined, if we fail in the search, to consult council, concerning the proper manner of forcing Mrs. P— to a discovery.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

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*John Cheslyn, Esq; to his Brother.*

*Henneth Castle.*

WHILST an hundred masons, joiners, carpenters, upholsterers, et cætera, are employing their industry in modernizing this ancient castle; whilst all the shopkeepers in Cardigan are sending in their ammunition stores; whilst we are in hourly expectation of the arrival of Julia, Mr. Stanley, and Harriet; and whilst we are impatiently expecting the post, with happier tidings of the unfortunate Miss Melton, in whose fate we are much interested; what can I do better than finish the sketch of the brilliant Sir Howell Henneth; whose history, *amply done*, and published under the

the



the title of “ The Science of Reduction, *a-la-mode d’Angleterre*,” might be the most useful work *pour nous autres*, that *nous autres* could possibly read.

The distinguished and spirited part this gentleman now played, brought on some consequences; not uncommon indeed, but unexpected perhaps, and certainly undesirable. A multitude of mouldy parchments, long confined in damp and solitary cells, escaped their gloomy prisons, and found their way into some or other of the inns of court. Agents, under the denomination of land valuers, sprung up, upon all parts of the estate; some to improve Welch industry, by raising of lands; others to support the honour of the knight, by the fall of all the remaining timber, or by raising fines for the renewal of leases.

But the circumstance that does him most honour with the sons of chance, is, his being the original *grantor* of life annuities to the swarthy sons of Judah, now a commerce of such magnitude and moment. A statue ought to have been erected to him in the front of the synagogue. But public virtue now-a-days, hah, Harry?

E 5 Game-



Gamesters, may be divided (botanically) into two genera ; those who think too much, and those who think too little. Sir Howell was now become so decidedly of this latter family, that, it is presumed, he would totally have lost all power of reflection, had it not been for a fortunate fit of sickness, and the impertinence of an old steward ; who, having grown grey in the family, had contracted a kind of regard for it ; and, having been the fonder of Sir Howell, when in his infancy, the plebeian had presumed to contract a personal affection to him.

The result of all this, was a clear conviction, that out of eight thousand pounds per annum, seven flowed into the purses of aliens ; one, and the fee simple of the rest, remained to Sir Howell. The steward did not relish this symptom of decayed *faculties*. The knight as little relished another ; the loss of memory. For, with the whole force of his mental powers, out of a thousand hours spent in the noble pastime of Cinque and Quatre, he could not recollect five that had given him real pleasure, in action or reflection. This was insupportable. He made, therefore, a passionate and vindictive resolution *to worship other Gods ;*  
and,



and, what will scarcely be credited, he kept it.

To finish the routine of ways and means, by which English gentlemen undo themselves, to the admiration of foreigners, with such infinite speed and spirit, it was now necessary to become a courtier. He grounded his hopes of rising to the first dignities of the state, on his interest in four Welch boroughs, and the county of Cardigan at large. The foundation was good; the minister received him into the honourable order of unefficient placemen, and sent him into Wales, to cultivate his borough interest. When such mighty interests are at stake, expence is not to be regarded. The election came on. Himself stood for the shire. The gentlemen of the county had an aversion to sine-cure-men, and still greater to broken gamesters. He was thrown out by a great majority. The boroughs shewed still greater contempt of the candidates he supported. To fill up the measure of his humiliation, on his return to court, the minister turned his back upon him, and, having contracted a fresh debt of ten thousand pound, he found himself unable to live amongst his equals. He retained, however, a salutary pride, that



would not permit him to descend. He threw up his place with disdain, and retired to this castle, fully imbued with the surly spirit of misanthropy.

For about ten years, which the old steward lived, he indulged this splenetic disposition to its utmost extent, seldom seeing the face of an human creature but his footman. I except old Vellum, who would, in spite of all the knight's moroseness, force himself into the interdicted presence, and oblige him to hear his remonstrances. These were principally to induce him to attend to, and understand his own business; which, if you do not, says the good old man, at my death, your affairs will be in the greatest confusion; and absolute ruin the most probable consequence. Old Hollitt, for that was his name, succeeded by dint of perseverance, and, whilst he lived, the knight did not fall into many of those whimsical particularities, which distinguished the close of his existence. At Hollitt's death, Sir Howell's affairs were rather in a prosperous way. Some annuities, granted for the lives of others, had fallen in; some mortgages had been paid off. The knight, without taking another steward, continued his business in the same train, and was getting rich apace. It



It might have been expected, that with returning wealth, the desire of renewing some of the pleasures of his youth, might have returned also; but his pride had suffered so severely in the latter conflicts, that it would not permit him to enter the world again. Besides, he had lately made it his principal amusement to write bitter philippics against its pleasures, and had, by this means, convinced himself, that he despised, and had renounced it for ever. I will conclude, by giving you a view of his personal peculiarities, and his manner of living, for seven or eight of his last years; and you will be astonished at the strange mixture of genius, whim, misanthropy, and benevolence.

Besides his bedchamber, he occupied two parlours, in one he breakfasted, dined, supped, and transacted all the business he chose to transact; in the other he read, wrote, and, properly speaking, lived; and into which, not a creature but himself had entered for the last five years. To avoid the necessity of this, he provided for his little wants, in the following manner:

Imprimis, a bell in the servants hall, the wire ending within a foot of the knob of his elbow chair.

Secondly,



Secondly, the wall of his room pierced into the passage to admit one end of a tin-tube; the other end carried along the inner walls, and ending near the said great chair.

Thirdly, another opening into the passage, to which was fitted a door which opened, and was bolted on the inside.

Through the tube, messages were delivered, and commands returned; through the opening, the knight received his parcels, letters, and what else he wanted within the limits of its magnitude.

But the great business of all was to provide a supply of coals for his fire, and for the taking away the ashes. For this purpose he constructed two closets, with each a door opening as close as possible to the fire place, and with each another door opening into the adjoining room, out of which the closets were taken. The keys of these outer doors he kept himself; and when he chose it, he had the one filled with coals and wood of the proper dimensions, and the other emptied of its ashes. The fire he was obliged to light himself, all his ingenuity not being able to supply him with the means of avoiding this inconvenience.

Whenever he left this favourite room he locked himself out; and when he entered, he locked himself in. I



I think, Harry, amongst other qualities, I mentioned the knight's benevolence, of which no glimmering has hitherto appeared.

I have said before that he had become his own steward; that is, he received his own rents, and set his own estates. If any tenant complained of loss of cattle, or poorness of crops, Sir Howell took the money he brought, and gave him a receipt in full. This exposed him to great imposition. His tenants grew cunning, and generally came with a miserable tale of woe, or with complaints of the bitter badness of the times, and how ill every thing went at court, which they soon found was the most relished; by which they never failed of a handsome abatement. One of these, whose rent, indeed, was only twelve pounds a year, but which he had not paid of three years, carried his audacity so far, as to complain to the baronet, that he was quite unable to pay the taxes and levies, for which they would seize upon his stock, unless his honour would be kind enough to stand his friend. His honour was kind; he paid the taxes, and gave him a receipt for rent as usual. Perhaps, Harry, thou wilt say, this is weakness, not benevolence;



lence; it may be so; I will not contest it; what follows is more marked.

In the area, that fronts the baronet's late apartment, we observed several heaps of the common pebble stone, and wondering for what use they could have been collected, I believe, gentlemen, says an elderly labourer, I can give you some information. His honour that's dead and gone, God bless him, neither liked to see a poor man starve, nor be idle. So when work was scant in the country, in winter time, when the brick-kilns could not gang, he set as many of us, as wanted employment, to work, in carrying these same heaps of stones from one place to another; and you might see his honour peeping out of the window now and then, just to see if we kept in motion; and that was all he wanted. But, in summer, when the kilns could go, he set us to make bricks; then to wheel 'em up the hill to this high ground here, in barrows; and then to pile 'em o'heaps. And, sometimes, when winter come again, his honour would dislike the place where they stood, or the form o'them, or something or other, and then they must be moved.

The fellow observing we listened to  
his



his tale, went on. His honour's head, God bless him, took two strange turns about these same bricks, which we could never rightly count for. For my part, I believe it was because he was tired of seeing the same and the same over again; and so he made us dig a large trench under ground, and bury one heap of an hundred thousand in it; and then the earth was to be carried down the hill in barrows; so that was a pure tough jobb. But the other was more odder still. Nothing would serve him one day but to burn a heap of about fifty thousand. We assured his honour the bricks would be spoiled; but he damned us, God bless him, and said, what was that to us.

So to it we went fairly, and that's the heap you see yonder, all run and melted like together; I warrant it costs more to move that heap than to make two such; and yet I never saw his honour better pleased. He was a vast comical gentleman, to be sure, at times. But he never would allow us a sup of bettermost drink. And what's odder and odder, in summer time, when wages were highest every where else, he gave us a shilling a week less than he did in winter, when they were lowest all about the neighbourhood.

There's



There's a system, Harry; not the best possible, it is true, for the same expence might have produced essential improvements; but mighty well adapted to a man who liked to see business done under his own eye; and who chose to do some good with his money, without injuring the country, or doing violence to his hermetical determinations.

Well! at length Sir Howell died, after an illness of five days only, with the key of his beloved apartment in his breeches pocket, carefully lodged under his pillow. His nearest relations, those who lived nearest I mean, being summoned, dared after his funeral to enter this sacred repository. The tables, the chairs, the window seats, and the greatest portion of the floor, were scattered over with books, manuscripts, scraps of writing, letters, receipts, old bonds and covenants, together with much dirt, and no inconsiderable number of guineas. But the baronet's favourite storehouse for this latter commodity, seemed to be the ash closet, in which were found some scores.

For some cause or other this closet had gone a much longer time than usual, since it was emptied; so that the stock was now so large as to extend itself over the right corner.



corner of the room to a considerable thickness; and thence, without any solution of continuity, all before the front of the fire; and even three inches deep under the baronet's armed chair.

And yet, Harry, (of what whimsical materials has nature compounded the brain of man) this very personage was nice, and rather finical in the appearance, and cleanliness of his bedchamber, and the other parlour.

On his first becoming a recluse, he was exact and neat in his dress, of which he grew negligent by degrees; till, towards the eve of his life, his customary habit was a morning gown, patched and dearned with his own industrious hand. An old pair of breeches, miserably rent; stockings with holes, and commonly of two sorts; a red woollen nightcap; and blue morocco slippers.

His writings, not relative to business, were put on heaps into a room by themselves; and, as they also are become Mr. Foston's property, I have access when I please. He indulged himself much in satire, but it wants variety. I am most pleased with a kind of history of his own life, with his reflections on the several events, after he had become mysanthro-  
pical.



pical. If the world should give me any intimation of a desire to see this, I will prepare it as well as I am able.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

*Henry Cheslyn to his Brother,*

*London.*

**I** HAVE found her, Jack, I have found her! and am almost as mad as Archimedes when he discovered his problem. She is safely lodged at Mrs. Lyon's, a very humane widow in Bond street, where she has all the attentions her weak state of body, and still more wretched one of mind, require. I cannot resist the vanity of giving thee a detail.

In our deliberations, two probable suspicions occurred; that Mrs. P— had put Miss Melton into the hands of some powerful debauchee, or had caused her to be arrested for debt; supposing the latter, it could be done only to terrify her into compliance, and therefore it was most likely she



she would remain some days in the house of the bailiff. Tom engaged to procure a list of all the sheriff's officers in the west of this city, whilst I was to endeavour to gain some intelligence, if possible, in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. P—'s hotel is situated in a court, and is the most conspicuous object in it. I do not suppose it would be information to thee, Jack, or I would give thee the topography, with the profile and elevation thereof. My first enquiry was at a fruiterer's, who sold me a shilling's worth of oranges, and gave me an assurance into the bargain, that she minded nobody's business but her own. I was less civilly treated at a green grocer's, and at a chandler's shops. I was sensible the manner of enquiry was awkward and abrupt, and that there was a necessity for conversation, if I hoped to get any intelligence.

A few doors farther was a little milliner's shop; the mistress was leaning over the door. May'st thou, said I, be a relation of Stern's gentle Parisienne. I asked for gloves; she showed me a parcel. I took up a pair, and began trying them on. They are too little, says she; but I shall try, madam, and rip it went in an instant. Gentlemen are so boisterous, said she.

And



And how do you fit your customers, madam?

By the eye, Sir.

Then please to chuse me a pair.

These, Sir, will fit you exactly. They did.

You have an excellent eye indeed, madam; ten years ago, I fancy, it was a sparkling one.

I thought so too, Sir, once; but a brilliant is little valued when set in lead.

I presume it was in your power to have set it in gold?

Yes, Sir, at the expence of a few other jewels which my silly grandmother taught me to set a value on; but which seem to have sunk in the estimation of mankind, since my grandmother was young.

Then of course they do not stand so high, as formerly, in your own esteem?

Much the same, Sir; only I have something less enthusiasm. Prejudices of education, you know, Sir, are difficult to be got rid of.

Then it is probable the ladies of that mansion had no grandmothers?

I think otherwise, Sir, and that they find the remembrance of them grievous, when they are sober.

This is conjecture, I suppose; you can  
have



have no acquaintance within those sacred walls, because your grandmother brought you up in so different a religion.

She did not forbid me to sell ribbons, or lace, to the professors of any religion.

O charming! then you can, upon occasion, direct a stranger's choice to a deserving nun.

Pardon me, Sir; selling ribbons does not qualify me to judge of ——— merit.

You see, I suppose, many fresh faces, as well as handsome ones?

Yes, the succession is pretty quick; they are but a short lived race.

It happens here, as in other nunneries, I presume, they are not all volunteers?

Mostly so, I believe. You gentlemen first seduce them from the protection of parents; and having treated them with a few months of fond rapture, your appetites jade, and all the rest is peevishness and ill-nature. The young creatures learn to drink, to drown reflection; you turn them out of doors; and they become ——— nuns, and please you, for bread. This is the ordinary process. Accidents, such as poverty, fraud, or violence, may bring reluctant ladies to ——— take the veil; but it seldom happens.

Have any of these fallen under your cognizance?



A few.

How does the worthy governess proceed with these refractories?

By two general methods, temptation and terror. If the first fails, they are threatened with a prison, which few have the fortitude to visit.

Did you ever know an instance of a woman of virtue betrayed here, who got out, a woman of virtue still?

Never, unless I saw it this morning.

Now I think of it, madam, I want some ruffles; and I will trust your eye, which, if not so sparkling, is still as penetrating as ever, with the choice of six pair; and really you are a woman of such good humour, that I do not design our acquaintance shall end here.

You are very obliging, Sir.

But concerning this miracle of chastity, do you know her?

I have seen her once only, in the way of my profession.

Then it is from hearsay, you conclude her a woman of virtue?

No, Sir, from what I saw at the time.

You make me curious, madam, will you favour me with a few particulars.

About a fortnight since I was sent for by Mrs. P—, to shew a lady some caps, gloves, lace, &c.

I was



I was conducted into a room where this stranger sat, along with madam P— and a mantua-maker.

The lady was weeping, and seemed so much absorbed in her own reflections, that she took no notice of me, or my wares, which I spread upon a table before her.

Will you have the goodness, madam, says I, to look over my little matters?

No, says she, with emphasis. Then turning to Mrs. P—, and wiping her eyes, why, said she, with a kind of dignified sorrow, her words half obstructed with her emotions, why will you thus persist in teasing me? Once for all, I am not for your purpose. I desire nothing, I will accept nothing from you.

One might expect a little civility, miss, at least, for an offered kindness.

Kindness! what kindness? Insidious woman! can you not be content to make an infamous gain by voluntary vice, without subjecting the votaries of virtue to your abominable commerce? What right have you to controul my inclination, or subject my person to a prostitution I abhor?

Take care, Mrs. P—; though born in a distant country, we have the same wild



of a single person to support, assist, or protect me; without knowing, if I was out of your walls, which way to procure myself a morsel of bread, or lodging for a night, I demand my liberty. Deny it me at your peril. Destitute as I am, I may one day find means to call you to account for these outrages.

A horrible outrage indeed, replies Mrs. P—, to receive you in this forlorn condition; to furnish you with the means of life; and to bestow even affluence upon you without labour.

Grant me patience; says the lady, what a prostitution of words! Let me ask you, madam, what labour, what drudgery will not a delicate mind undergo, rather than subject its person to indiscriminate lust? But I talk in vain.

It is impossible *you* should have any idea of the loathing and disgust, the bare idea of this is capable of producing in untainted minds. Till mine is as corrupt and foul as your own, your persuasions, your terrors, and the whole catalogue of your black arts, will be employed in vain upon me.

Have some regard for your own interest, madam, if you have none for innocence and virtue; dismiss these people  
with



with their gaudy baits, and save yourself the regret of wasting your money on a fruitless enterprize.

It must be confessed that the mantua-maker and myself made a very contemptible appearance during this dialogue; but Mrs. P— relieved us. Pity, says she, in a tragic tone, that one who talks so well should talk in vain. But I was born to be overwhelmed with virtuous torrents: they are pretty things for books, to be sure; but in common life, naked, suffering chastity is little known, and less regarded.

However, miss, the gowns have been ordered on your account, and to your account I shall place them. Mrs. Morris, let me see your bill. The mantua-maker did not wait for a second command; the bill was produced, and paid, without the least cavil or deduction.

And now Mrs. Tyrrel, since this lady *will* not ——— Mrs. Morris and I *will* look over your commodities; for Christian charity obliges us to return good for evil.

Miss Melton, for that is her name, raised her eyes to heaven, but answered not. Nor would she have spoke another word, or have honoured us with the least notice, if Mrs. P— had not spitefully ap-



plied to her for approbation of every trifling article; and insulted her by perpetual sarcasms on suffering chastity.

At length, resentment of such injurious treatment, got the better of her mild patience. But instead of serious reproaches, she retorted upon Mrs. P—, in the finest strain of irony; and turned the tables upon her with such a bitter, biting applause, that, though she has all the effrontery her profession requires, she was quite confounded. The arrows glanced thick upon us, and heartily glad I was, when the business drew towards a conclusion. I received about five pounds, and when we were about to withdraw, she curtseyed to us all with a fine mock solemnity; and returned Mrs. P— her profoundest thanks for her unbounded generosity; observing at the same time, that these regalia were too magnificent to be the property of an individual; and advised her to deposit them for the general good of the society. Poor lady! these were the happy spirits of an hour, which I am afraid have since been deeply humbled.

About three o'clock this morning, as I lay awake over the shop here, I thought I observed some unusual glances of light. I got up to the window, and by the morn-



apartments, I could plainly discern that something was doing more than common. Of what nature I know not. About ten this morning I saw Miss Melton, attended by a bailiff, step into a hackney coach. My heart aches for the poor lady, but fortune has put it out of my power to afford her the least assistance.

I am sorry for it, Mrs. Tyrrel. You don't know the officer, I doubt?

Too well, Sir; I have more than once had the misfortune to be his guest, being violently suspected of poverty.

You are ill situated for business, Mrs. Tyrrel; it will give me great pleasure to be the means of procuring you a better situation.

It is a genteel compliment, Sir; I have seen too much of the world, to expect it can be any thing more from a stranger.

You are right, madam; sudden overflowings of generosity are seldom seen, and always to be suspected. But I deal not in romance. I will talk to you in plain and open language. I came this very morning with the professed intention of getting intelligence concerning Miss Melton. I would have given twenty guineas for the information you have given me. As I have got it so easily, I shall give you only ten. But I may want your further assistance.



sistance. Miss Melton must not only be relieved, but possibly Mrs. P— punished. But before I can expect you to aid in this latter purpose, it is incumbent upon me to put you into a situation, not to fear her. Here is my address.

Enquire my character, or rather that of my brother, on whose benevolence I assume, for the happy event of this affair. I will see you again to-morrow. I must know all your little affairs, and I hope you will favour me with some of your wishes. At present I must beg a direction to the sheriff's officer. She gave it me without a word, the tears flowing plentifully down her cheeks. I slipped the promised reward into her hand, and took my leave; as I will now do of thee.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.



*Julia*



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*Julia to Laura.*

Henneth Castle.

I Cannot help thinking that the first part of my Laura's letter, which she calls exotic, is the genuine effusion of her mind; and the latter an uncongenial flow; perhaps, *pour le badinage*, perhaps to rally what she may call my—prudery. I am not so great a prude, however, as to be offended with the lively sallies of my friend; nor will my reason permit me to approve them. You may be innocently merry; innocently gay; but I am not equally certain, you can be innocently *arch*. There is a guilt of the mind, as well as a guilt of the body; loose ideas may stain the immaculate whiteness of the one, as loose actions may contaminate the purity of the other.

But let us wave all talk about innocence and guilt, which you will say, and perhaps justly, are here improperly applied.

To shew you how learned I am become, by conversing with college gentlemen,



lemen, I will discourse logically ; nay, actually give you a syllogism, grounded on premises you will not dispute.

Major. 'Tis the wish of women to please mankind.

Minor. Modesty in women pleases mankind.

Conc. Therefore women ought to be modest.

Oh ! replies my Laura, appearances will do every bit as well.

No, Laura ; deceit is liable to detection. The end proposed will be answered infinitely better, by accustoming the mind to real chastity of idea.

My daughters, Laura, if nature ordains me any, howsoever adorned without, shall, " like the daughters of the king, be all glorious within : " I will weave the robe of modesty for them with an unceasing hand. My maids of honour too shall wear it ; and my Laura, in spite of herself, shall be all-conspicuous.

Yesternight, accompanied by Mr. William Stanley, and Harriet, I took possession of this ancient castle, and my new dignity. We found my father and Mr. Chesslyn up to the ears in brick, mortar, and contrivance, endeavouring to give the house, which is large enough to hold half the principality, a certain position



tion of modern convenience and elegance, with the least possible loss of its present gothic air and stile.

I have made an excursion about some of the environs this morning; which have been totally neglected by the last possessor: they contain, like an unhewn block of marble, a great number of latent beauties; many of which, as the spring is yet early, I am in hopes we shall be able to call forth this summer.

I have, without your leave, Laura, applied to Sir Richard and Lady Stanley, for your immediately leaving Bologne, and blessing me with your society; but you yourself will be astonished at the bold extent of my request; to be mine, till God or man do us part. If I can obtain my boon, I shall think myself a *daughter* of Eve in Paradise; not an Eve herself; for her happiness would be incomplete without an Adam.

Man, at present, (I except my father) makes no part of my permanent felicity, though he may sometimes contribute to it,—for a time. Adieu, my Laura, write immediately, to

Your affectionate

JULIA FOSTON.



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*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

**F**ROM my kind, communicative millener, I went directly to the house of the sheriff's officer. A maid servant opened the door. I asked for Miss Melton. She knew no such person. The lady who was brought here yesterday. She knew nothing of it. Is your master at home? She could not tell. Or your mistress, or the cat, or the dog? for I presume every living thing knows something, except thyself. Mass, I was a comical gentleman, and she would call her mistress. Her mistress came; but did I think she was obliged to know any thing about the trumpery people her husband was continually bringing in; she would give me to know, she was above all such low company. Heaven forbid, madam, that you should sully the majesty of your greatness, by any communication with the children of poverty and misfortune; but I have had an education too low to imbibe such lofty ideas;



ideas ; therefore may it please your dignity to order me to be shewn to Miss Melton's apartment.

A cloud gathered on the lady's awful brow, indicative of scorn and anger ; but I was relieved from its effects, by the entrance of the officer himself.

Mr. Tatnall, your servant ; I would wish to speak with Miss Melton ; will you please to introduce me ?

Sir, Sir, Sir, I, I, I, excuse me,—you are quite a stranger, Sir,—rubbing his hands, and shewing evident marks of confusion in his face.

Pho, prithee man, I am acquainted with the whole story from Mrs. P—, or how should I know of her being here ?

Why, Sir, you may, or you may not ; but Mrs. P—'s orders are, not to admit visitors.

Oh then, she is a prisoner of state, I find, and you act under a general warrant. Well, Sir, if I cannot obtain your permission, I must have the Lord Chief Justice's, I believe. You know the consequence, I suppose.

Why, Sir, I dare say—you are a man of honour, Sir,—and so Sir,—if you please to walk this way.

He led me into a small room up three pair of stairs, with a little window look-



ing into a back yard. Something in imitation of a bed, a chair, and a broken table, made up the furniture. An hectic flush spread itself over the face of Miss Melton, on the sight of me. She rose with difficulty, apparently, from excess of weakness. I re-seated her. I am excessively shocked, Miss Melton, to see you in so distressed a situation. She replied, with half a smile, I had lately seen her in a worse. I cannot, says she, boast much of the elegance of my apartment; but it has one advantage over those I left yesterday, at least I hope so, looking at Mr. Tatnall; I have nothing to fear in it, but poverty.

Were you not apprehensive of being removed to a common prison?

No, Sir, I am convinced this gentleman's employer has at present no such design. If she had, a jail, a little more or less gloomy, is to me, who prefer "the wretch's last relief" to Mrs. P—'s, a matter of very little moment.

You hear, Mr. Tatnall, what out of the way notions young ladies sometimes contract, for want of knowing life.

The lady's mind would change, he said, when she saw the inside of a common jail.

I can't



I can't help thinking, indeed, says I, it would be better she kept out of one.

Yes, says Mr. Tatnall, that is what I tell her. Here, says I, you may have every thing in plenty, and enjoy life like a lady, by going back to Mrs. P—'s ; and, if you play your cards well, mayhap get a settlement, from some good natured gentleman or other ; and what signifies so much ado about virtue ; all stuff and nonsense ; nobody minds it now, not even the parsons ; and it will pass for nothing amongst butchers and bakers.

Well said, Mr. Tatnall, and was all this prudent advice thrown away upon the lady ? If your eloquence could not prevail, I can have no expectation from my own. I believe, therefore, we must take some other course with her.

Mr. Tatnall pricked up his ears. A vulgar expression, Jack, but of great suitability.

Pray, Sir, for what sum was this lady arrested ?

A very large one, Sir ; fifty-seven pounds four shillings and ninepence ; very great, indeed ; and contracted in so little a time too ; for Mrs. P— herself told me she had not been with her twenty days. O



O Lord, Sir, I have known a couple of her ladies, spend as much in one night, for a frolic.

Those were girls after Mrs. P—'s own heart; but as this lady seems to want spirit for these fine fallies, what must we do with her? She seems to have nothing about her that would become a jail; and a confined education has quite spoiled her for Mrs. P—; so that I believe, all things considered, the best way will be to release her, and let her follow her own inclinations.

Release her, Sir! sooner said than done, I believe.

Much sooner; yet, with your assistance, I believe it may be done.

What, let her escape, I suppose, and pay the debt myself.

Suppose I pay it for you, Mr. Tatnall?

'Tis a particular case, Sir, a very particular case.

Please to explain the particularity.

Why, you know, Sir, Mrs. P— has been at great expence and pains to—to—to—

To debauch this lady—I know it, Sir; and will be at some pains and expence—to prevent it. Therefore let me



me have the proper acquittance, and here's your money.

Sir, I, I—must consult Mrs. P— first about it. There was something said about murder, the night before this lady came away, so that she was not to be held for a simple debt only.

Can you guess Mr. Tatnall's meaning, Miss Melton?

I can, indeed, Sir. It relates to some very gross and barbarous usage, I received the night before the last, after your departure. Since I have been in that horrid house, the little sleep I have taken has been in my cloaths. I was gone to rest, as usual, when I heard a swearing and stamping in the adjoining room. I distinguished the voice of Captain Suthall, who commanded the privateer which destroyed the American vessel I was on board of. What Mrs. P— had said to inflame his anger, I can only conjecture; but he burst the lock of my door with great violence. And, damn you, my dainty madam, (this was his first salutation) how long do you expect people should maintain you for nothing? The man was drunk, and talked with such vehemence, about my being his property, and selling me for a slave to the plantations, that though I gave myself  
over



over for lost, his foolish rhodomontades raised a salutary anger.

I told him, I acknowledged neither his power, nor his right; and bad him beware of the fate due by the laws of England to crimes like his. By G--d, says he, a man can be hanged but once, and I will deserve it better than I have yet done.

Mrs. P—, and one of the women of the house, were present, and seemed to encourage the wretch in his brutality. I expected violence, and had, almost instinctively, armed myself with a small pair of scissors, which I had in my pocket. I have but little recollection of the circumstances of the scene that followed. I remember the women throwing me rudely upon the bed, and endeavouring to hold me there. I remember the drunken and brutal captain, throwing himself upon me, and the violent exertion I made to release my right arm, and to plunge the scissors into his body. I have a confused idea of his rolling off the bed, and swearing he was a dead man, and that the women gave me several blows. It was light in the morning before I perfectly recovered my senses; a chairwoman of the house was sitting by me, who seemed not entirely void of com-



compassion. She made me take some little nourishment, which rather revived me. I felt myself free of fever, but wretchedly faint and weak. She told me a surgeon had been sent for, who had dressed the captain's wound, and had ordered him to bed. She heard nothing more about it. I begged the good woman to sit by me, and endeavoured to get an hour or two's sleep. About nine I had a visit from Mrs. P—, who abused me in most virulent terms, swearing I had killed the captain, and ruined her house; out of which I should go directly to Newgate, unless I would make her some recompence by a compliance with her terms. I had just strength sufficient to answer, I chose to go to Newgate. She left me with an enflamed countenance. An hour after, this gentleman informed me I was his prisoner, and conveyed me hither in a coach. I feel my weakness increase so fast upon me, that I have reason to hope, a very few days, and I shall feel no more.

The piety and resignation with which she spoke this, struck me to the heart. I accused myself of being the cause of this last outrage, by leaving her in that accursed house. I determined to quit her presence no more, till I had brought  
her



her to a place of comfort and safety.

I perceived the officer disposed to give me all possible trouble, and perhaps the more, in proportion as I shewed him more complaisance. I demanded, therefore, to see a copy of the writ. The rascal demurred. I threatened him with the severity of the law; and, at length, brought him to compliance.

You see, Mr. Tatnall, this is an arrest for debt; I will pay the debt. You are impowered to receive it; and the lady is free of course. If you hesitate to give me a receipt this instant, I will send for bail, and contest the debt with your employer. In fact, this is the course I had determined to take, but I give it up merely because it would detain this lady a few hours longer, and she wants immediate relief. I must inform you further, that I shall, in Miss Melton's name, commence a prosecution against Mrs. P—; and it depends upon your present behaviour whether you are involved in it also.

He pleaded hard for time to consult Mrs. P—.

In that case I shall give bail; so act as you think proper.

Having pondered it over a few minutes, he chose the money, which I was lucky



lucky enough to have in my pocket book.

I have ordered a physician of note to attend Miss Melton, who is brought to such an excess of debility, that he fears for her life. Whether from compassion alone, or from any motive still more tender, I feel that I had rather die with, than live without her.

My dear brother, adieu.

HENRY CHESLYN;

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*John Cheslyn, Esq; to his Brother.*

Henneth Castle.

**I** Adore this heroic, this benevolent brother of your's, Mr. Cheslyn, says Julia to me, after the publication of thy last letter, Harry; (*à la reserve* of the concluding period, which is too tender—for strange ladies—).

If that be the case, Miss Foston, favour me with your portrait, that I may send it express, as an invulnerable shield to his heart,



heart, till he has an opportunity of throwing it at your feet.

His heart, says she, no, that is already wounded by an arrow dipped in Miss Melton's tears; or at least should be, if I had the direction of Cupid's bow. For the lady herself, gratitude will kindle a warmer flame than all Cupid's quiver.

This will be a proper catastrophe, says Stanley, and consonant to the rules of romance; according to which, the gentleman seems to have directed his proceedings:

A most just and generous remark, replies Julia, and quite *consonant* to the *prudence* of the gentleman who made it.

Has prudence then no merit in the eye of a fair lady? says he.

Infinite, replies Miss Foston; 'tis the seven-fold shield of Achilles, against the ——— feelings of the heart. I dare say, Mr. Stanley, you would have gone more cautiously to work, and first of all, enquired into the lady's ——— character.

Would it have been an impeachment of my understanding, returns Stanley, the place considered, if I had been cautious of being made a dupe?

An evidence of the strength of it, replies Julia, and how well it had weighed the





the prudence of wisdom, and the wisdom of prudence.

Come, Chesslyn, says Mr. Foston, let us leave these combatants to fight out this duel of the head against the heart; I want your opinion upon a matter of business this post has brought me.

I think, says he, as we walked, we are friends, Chesslyn, of a month's standing. The men of the world would think it ridiculous or romantic, to conclude, from so short an acquaintance, that friendship, with all its rights and privileges, was as firmly established betwixt us, as time and long reciprocation of benefits could make it. But my heart tells me it is so. He stopt. Upon that ground, says I, I am not to be overcome. My heart ardently speaks the same language. And yet I must confess, there is a little matter of reverence, not quite so compatible with the generous equality this passion seems to require, and which I shall not so easily get rid of.

Perhaps, because I am older, says he; perhaps, because I am a father; the father of Julia, perhaps, smiling. Well, familiarity I hope will rid us of this foolish sensation.

But to the point for which I desired your

Yours



You are a bachelor, with two thousand a year, and an unhappy temperament of blood, that will never permit you to save a penny. I believe, you are at present too proud to get into debt; but if I should happen to catch you wishing for a speedier supply than your annuals afford, I shall make no more scruple of putting my purse into your hands, than into my own pocket; and should as little expect your resentment.

Now, your brother may be possessed of the same temperament also; he must then be poorer than you, and possibly as proud.

There may be circumstances in Miss Melton's story, which may render a sum of money of the greatest importance to her.

Possibly also, the sum total of your brother's benevolent propensities may not be concentrated in this lady.

I have a letter in my hand for Drummond and Co. requesting them to answer your brother's drafts for a thousand pounds.

How will he take this? Will he abuse me for an arrogant purse inflated fellow? Or will he think he does me as great a favour, by becoming my almoner, as I  
do



do to him, by increasing his power of indulging his ruling passion?

Faith, replies I, he may abuse you, for ought I know; for it is very much his natural turn upon such occasions. Certainly, however, he will not hit upon your equation; for I must confess, the weight of obligation seems incontestibly to be laid upon his shoulders.

I am sorry for it, says he; 'tis a fault in your optics, which I hope your brother may be free from. Let us try the experiment. But I have something farther to desire, and as I am extremely earnest in the request, and my daughter also, I must beg you to enforce it. She is impatient to see Miss Melton, to endeavour to soften her sorrows, and make her forget the past. I am impatient to embrace the man who has acted towards an unhappy stranger with so generous an ardour. I wish also to serve your friend, Mr. Sutton; which, if he persists in his resolution of going to the East, I can do by letters of recommendation and otherwise; or if he drops that design, and will accept of a couple of hundred pounds per annum here, whilst waiting for a-reconciliation with his uncle, he shall be welcome to it. In return, he shall assist me in regulating my estate, and closing my foreign corre-  
spon-

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spondencies, which will be a work of time.

If Miss Melton's health permit, I shall hope to see them all here in ten days.

It is unnecessary to say all that was said about it. I beg and advise thee to come without delay.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

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*Laura Stanley to Julia Foston.*

Bologne.

**I** Never shall be able to tell my sweet, modest, and elegant friend, how much I was transported with her kind application to my father and mother; nor how thankful I am to their goodness for granting me so large a part of the boon; for I have their leave to quit this place, an old servant being sent to conduct me, as soon as possible; and after staying a week or fortnight at home, am to proceed to



to reside with my friend six months in every year. More, my mother says, would be an alienation. O! how I love my dear papa and mama for this kind condescension; which can have no other motive than the happiness of a ——— daughter. Can it, Julia?

My only regret in leaving this convent boarding-school, is the parting with Miss Thompson, whose rustic good nature and simplicity have interested me so much in her future welfare, that I have actually assumed the character of my friend, and have given the poor *young thing* lessons on “unaffected wisdom and sanctity of manners.” Check your unseasonable mirth, Miss Julia; ’tis a grave and weighty business.

Since the robe you sent me is to be my constant habit at your highness’s court, it will not be amiss to wear it a little beforehand; and give you, as well as it can be given in such a garb, a sketch of the business which brought my young friend to this place.

The father of Miss Thompson, who came, at the age of twenty-eight, into possession of a paternal estate of six hundred per annum, was a true English country gentleman, whose wishes, during his father’s life, had never gone beyond



possessing the best greyhound, or the best pointer in the county; or a horse that would clear a five bar gate.

Now it came to pass that his mother died, and after that, his father died also; and then he bethought him of a wife. But as he did not understand the ways of women, and was not addicted to ——— learning, he got a friend of his to court the parson of the parish, who had a lease of daughters, to bestow one upon him. The parson consented, and, Mr. Thompson having no choice, gave him the eldest.

Whether this mode of being given in marriage, did not please the young lady, or whether it was owing to a weak constitution, I know not; but she performed her part of the ——— the ——— commerce so ill; that she actually miscarried five times before she brought Miss Thompson into the world, and died a few hours after delivery.

In all the disappointments of life, Mr. Thompson had been accustomed to fly to the bottle for consolation; and this being the greatest, he applied so liberally to this consoling power, that he died of a dropsy at forty, leaving this girl to the care of his sister, Miss Mary Thompson.

This sole guardian and executrix was a year or two older than her brother; and  
the



the little love affairs of her youth, having terminated disagreeably, she had wholly given herself up to the old-maidenly functions of piety, scandal, and ——— *rosa solis*.

Like unto herself was the far greater part of the company she kept, so that it is an argument in favour of the excellent natural disposition of Miss Thompson, that she is nothing worse than a romp and a hoyden.

Nothing worse, says my Julia, Lord bless me, what did you say the girl came to the convent for?

A *bagatelle*, Julia.

Mercy upon us, Laura, what have you got in your head? The loss of ——— innocence, a *bagatelle*.

Be quiet, Julia; let me tell the story my own way. This simple, pretty, good natured girl, who has as many silly tricks as a monkey, was just turned fifteen, when the second son of a Mr. Halden, a gentleman of the same village, came from school in the Midsummer vacation. They had been playfellows from their infancy; but when boys and girls grow up into young gentlemen and ladies, you know, Julia, it is right they should leave off childish things. This is not to be done all at once. Their pretty innocent loves,



from the tender simplicity of the actors, you would imagine must be done and performed after the Arcadian manner, where every sentiment is lovely, and every attitude expressive of a grace. No. Their loves were play, and all their play was love. You understand me, Julia.

Miss has pretty pouting lips, and Master Halden began to take a particular pleasure in smacking them.

For quietness sake, miss gave him the entire possession. But love is an encroacher, and miss's alabaster bosom was in danger of sharing the fate of her lips. To shield it, she ran away like another Atalanta. He followed like an Hypomenes. If it was a garden scene, it generally ended in a rolling bout upon the grass plat; or a towzling in the arbour. If the direction of miss's flight was upwards, a bed supplied the place.

You see where we are now, Julia; and how impossible it is for me to go strait onward with my story, whilst my *robe* keeps pinching me so. To pull it off, even for an instant, would be to incur your highness displeasure. So I must e'en get on, and get out as decently as possible.

Great things, Julia, arise from small beginnings, as little suckers make a large tree,



tree. Things went from less to more, and from little to big, and miss's flight was so much more frequently directed to the chamber, than to the garden, that my aunt began to think about it; and one day, when we thought she was busy at her prayers, she bolted into the room and ——— caught us. Doing what, Miss Thompson?

Lord, Laura, how can you teize one so? I won't tell you a word more.

And indeed I cannot help thinking it another of miss's indiscretions, to have said a word about it; for no one here knows or suspects a syllable of the matter. But miss having honoured me with her confidence, chose rather to betray her own secret, than not talk of her dear Halden, and their innocent loves.

And how do you think the aunt behaved upon the occasion? Like a fury. Instead of pious lectures suitable to the matter, she flew at them like a tygress, and kick'd, and cuff'd, and tore at a merciless rate. Mr. Halden was sent for, who appears, by his behaviour, to be a sensible and prudent man. He convinced the aunt, that the best way was to say no more about it, but to send the youth to finish his studies, and the young lady hither for a more suitable education; to



bring them together five years hence, and if the same humour continues ——— marry them, and then you know, Julia, ——— its quite another thing.

I hope, Julia, I have now satisfied you, and written up to the dignity of my *robe*. But I must tell you, that I put on no *badinage* to Miss Thompson, but have mingled the little wisdom I have with a soothing tenderness, that I hope has already produced a change. She reflects more; begins to like reading; and even to be pleased with sentimental conversation.

Could I continue her tutors ——— vanity! Why *all* is vanity, Julia, but you really interrupt me so often that ——— I doubt not she will become as respectable a woman as a thousand others, whose fifteens ——— were very ——— ticklish.

Adieu.

LAURA STANLEY.



Miss



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*Miss Sutton to her Brother.*

Attingham.

I Have great acknowledgements to make my dear brother, not only for the pains he has taken to set my mind at ease concerning his East-India voyage; but for the agreeable entertainment his letters afford me, when speaking of Messrs. the Cheslyns, Mr. Foston and his daughter, and above all, for the piteous story of the unhappy Miss Melton.

I am particularly happy in the offer Mr. Foston has made you; I shall scarcely be able to acquit my brother of an unseasonable pride if he rejects it.

Your next I hope will be from Henneth Castle; and in pity to poor me who lead the life of a solitary, and cannot fall in love if I would, let me have as liberal an account of the lives and conversations of those who can, as your time will permit. In return, I will not fail giving you a regular account of my pious godmother's youthful stories; her comparison of  
the



the virtues of her own times, with the enormous vices of this age; and her sayings, comprising the —— wisdom of nations.\* Possibly I may entertain you with the wild effusions of Polly Jones.

But I have news to tell you. Lady Morell, the widow of Sir Jasper Morell, a distant relation of my godmother, paid her a visit about a fortnight since. The fate of my brother at that time, sat heavy at my heart, and this good lady, judging the disquietude arose from the peevishness of my godmother and my recluse way of life, invited me to pay her a visit; and even hinted her desire of taking me a jaunt to London, where some law matters require her presence for a little while. If this succeeds I shall regret the absence of my brother from the metropolis, under whose guiding steps, I should have been glad to have seen many a vulgar object, which it would be a barbarism to mention in the house of a lady of fashion.

Adieu;

Your affectionate

ANN SUTTON.

Mr.



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*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

**I** Yesterday sold out 40,000 l. for Mr. Foston, at 61  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; particulars inclosed. Two posts since, I received his letter of credit to Drummond. His character is so conspicuous in this and other transactions you have made me acquainted with, that I think the shortest way to his esteem is, to spend his money as speedily as possible. One fifth is already devoted; but my stay in town being, as I hope, very short, I cannot so conveniently get rid of the rest; therefore will beg leave to return it upon his hands, —till I want it.

Six days after my last I had nothing to do, or nothing that I did do, but attend anxiously to the health of Miss Melton; who, Dr. H— assures me, is now out of danger; and that nothing will more speedily compleat her recovery than travelling by slow stages.

Now, being, as thou knowest, a fellow

G 5 of



of infinite nicety, in points of decorum, I took it into my head, that the brother of so notorious a rake as thyself, was no very creditable companion, for a sick and modest lady; and the matter would not be at all mended, by Tom's filling up the trio. I concluded, therefore, upon a maid servant, and should have unfurnished thy house, Jack, of its brightest female ornament, even thy own handmaid Peggy, if new matter had not arisen to alter that design.

You have not forgot, I hope, our new acquaintance, Mrs. Tyrrell; a woman blest with so happy a flow of spirits, that the common accidents of life, such as poverty and imprisonment, have not been able to depress them. We have used her services for the repair of Miss Melton's wardrobe; and Euphrosine, herself, could not have succeeded better, in softening the woes of her mind.

There is, indeed, so much sense in her conversation, mingled with so much mirth, that melancholy herself would give way to its successive impressions. Consequently, I was desirous she should spend as much time as possible at Miss Melton's lodgings.

I must, and will know, says I to her one day, every thing about your worldly affairs, your prospects, and your wishes.

Oh!



Oh! nothing easier, says she, for I keep regular accounts, and have the best reason in the world to believe, that I am, at this hour, worth thirty nine pounds odd shillings—less than nothing. My prospect, is beggary for life; and my wishes are—that it was otherwise.

How long have you lived in your present delectable situation? Five years. I was tired of service, and entered into the shop with a fund of forty pounds, the savings of fifteen years. I should infallibly have grown rich, but that I had a sister, misfortune's favourite child. One of her distresses was very deep; I could not bear it, and gave her the money, which should have paid a Coventry tradesman for ribbons. The ribbon weaver arrested me, and the arrest ruined my business. The landlord has a bill of sale for my furniture, and my creditors must take the rest; for I am determined to leave business, and depend upon my needle for maintenance.

Would to heaven, says I, I had a list of your debts; I would infallibly buy them all up, and clap you prisoner for the whole ensuing summer, along with Miss Melton, in a castle at the very extremity of Wales.



And what use would you make of me for your honour's re-imbursment?

What think you of tending a flock of mountain coats, and making putter and sheele for Mrs. P—'s seraglio?

But let us be serious. Miss Melton has consented to go to Henneth Castle on the invitation of Mr. Folton and his daughter. Her body and mind both require a female attendant, in whom she can confide, on whom she can repose. I must kidnap, for this purpose, either you, or a maid of my brother's. She can be only a servant: you can be every thing she wants——a friend. Tell me, with your usual frankness, if the proposal is agreeable?

My God, says she, how should it be otherwise? It would be a leap from purgatory into paradise.

The preliminaries, then, are easily settled. This note will give a woman of your turn one of the greatest of pleasures; that of being even with all the world. But I must trouble you with another of the same value, that in case any accident whatever should separate you from this lady, you may not be subject to sudden distress. I presented her with two bank notes, each for 100 l.

It is curious to see the different man-  
ners



ners in which people manifest their sudden impulses of pleasure and gratitude.

Mrs. Tyrrell ran out of the room, sobbing most audibly. I fetched her back again. If you will be silly, Mrs. Tyrrell, I must confine you, that you mayn't expose yourself.

Miss Melton had thrown herself back in her chair, with her face covered by her apron, her beautiful bosom heaving very strongly.

My dear ladies, says I, taking a hand of each, do not make, what is in itself an act of pleasure, so greatly painful to yourselves and me. You, in particular, Miss Melton, to whom I have already shewn Mr. Foston's generous letter, know how small a portion I can claim of the merit, if there be any, of this transaction. And you shall know it also; giving the letter to Mrs. Tyrrell. I am positive I could not, in any way, better have fulfilled the intentions of the generous donor.

The conclusion of all this, Jack, is, that you may expect to see us at the castle in ten days. I make no apology to Mr. Foston for adding Mrs. Tyrrell to the number of his guests. I know he will be pleased with it.

Thine,  
HENRY CHESLYN.



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*Mr. Thomas Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth Castle.

**I** Do, my Nancy, sincerely pity the solitary, uncomfortable life thou livest; and, as far as lies in my power, I will endeavour to enliven it. Depend on me, at least, for a weekly correspondent. I ask not for regular returns; but shall hope to hear frequently from you; and, whatsoever your letters may contain of foreign matter, of old women's saws and young one's fantasies, let them be messengers of the health and tranquility of my Nancy, and they will be precious to her brother.

Shall I first describe the world that lies before me, or the people who inhabit it? Such people, Nancy. But such a world too; so horribly delightful!

Who can take offence;

Whilst pure description holds the place of sense?

Suppose yourself on the top of a hill  
nine hundred yards from the level of the  
sea;



sea, which washes its base. This summit is an area of diversified ground exceeding fifty acres, one of which is covered by a stately Gothic pile of building, once a castle of defence. Round the outward bounds of this area runs a strong battlement wall, along the inside of which is a terrace that forms a most delightful walk. North of this plane is a view of "mountains piled on mountains to the skies." West, the bay of Cardigan. South, Cardigan itself at a considerable distance. And East, a beautiful and fertile vale, that constitutes the greatest part of the estate. The south side of the hill is a fine wood of venerable oak, through which is the carriage road to the house. The east side is mingled wood, and arable. The West, stretching down to the sea, contains such a variety and profusion of beauty, that I should be almost as profitably employed in delineating the vallies of the moon.

Figure to yourself a declivity of a mile, now gentle, now steep, now plane, now a precipice. From the castle down to the sea, is a waving walk, which obeys the nature of the ground, bordered on each side by shrubs and flowers. This walk may be considered as the trunk of a tree, which sends out an hundred different branches.



branches. Some of these lead to close and retired walks, where the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate. Some to open glades, accommodated with seats, from whence you have different views of the sea and country, to the south. Some terminate in wilds, or wildernesses. Others lose themselves in deep shady groves, decorated with hermits cells. Others lead to grotts, ruins, alcoves, obelisks, or temples. Two, to beautiful springs of water received into capacious stone basins, one formed into an open bath for gentlemen; the other into a covered one for ladies; both surrounded by a grove of the most towering shrubs. This water is made to form two *jets d'eau*, in a most delightful recess, about three hundred yards below. The principal walk ends abruptly at the sea shore; but is so contrived as to give no view of the sea from any part of it, nor the least expectation of the event. There is a fine open walk a mile long on the shore, above the tide; but this being a public foot road, forms no part of our precincts.

Nancy, you have a fine poetical imagination, and could yourself invent decorations for a situation like this.

I wish you would give me a specimen of what you are able to do in this way;  
for



for if you are found to have a genius, you stand a good chance to become a nymph of—these plains.

In sober truth, this said western side of the hill, is, at present, nothing more nor less, than a pasture for goats; and what I have now said concerning it, is a rude sketch of what it is to be, under the forming hand of Miss Foston, whose taste is elegance itself.

I must not forget to mention a very singular object that presents itself on the north. A cataract, two miles long, conducted by art, almost in a strait line; it runs in a breadth of twelve feet only, over rough stones laid for the purpose, or roots and branches of trees. As much as is wanted for household purposes, is brought into cisterns, the rest deflects to the eastern side, and, turning the water-wheel of a cornmill, runs thence into the valley, where it is used for numberless rural purposes. Adieu, my Nancy;

Your affectionate

THOMAS SUTTON.

Mr.



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*Mr. Thomas Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth Castle.

A Very ingenious gentleman, Nancy, about two years since, published, upon Imperial paper as it deserved, a new philosophic system of the principles of beauty, relative to the human head.

From this, it clearly appears, that pure and simple beauty, is always one and the same thing for ever and ever.

This simple purity is diminished, by what other drawers of human faces have called, expression. This expression stamps upon beauty, a certain character, that serves, indeed, to please the different tastes of men well enough; but this charactered beauty, must be considered as inferior to the first simple beauty, which has no character; except, peradventure, the Insipid, which some tasteless beholders have endowed it with, may be called one. According to this ingenious system, my Nancy, Henneth Castle hath  
not



not a pure beauty, male or female, belonging to it. Some unlucky expression, or other, converts—I should rather say—perverts us all. Miss Julia Foston might, perhaps, have bore away the palm from Cleopatra, the first in the order of brunettes, was she not unfortunately characterized by the sensible, the modest, the steady, and the chearful. Miss Melton, a still deeper brunette, might have stood high in the scale of perfection, but for the languid, the melancholy, and the tender. She is still further disfigured by a cast of the penetrating, which, possibly, might have been her predominant feature, had it not been weakened by a series of most uncommon distresses.

Miss Laura Stanley, the intimate friend of Julia, had been a pure beauty, of the true English red and white, did not the spirited, the good-natured, the engaging, shew themselves, too apparently, on her else lovely face.

Her eldest sister, Harriet, is much nearer perfection; as the haughty, and the artful, are diminutives of inferior force.

Had my timid, my innocent, my tender Nancy, been amongst us, the group of impure beauties would have been compleat. This system, though never  
before



before openly published, it is thought; has been long secretly known to the beauties of the Ton, who seem to have been ashamed of these characters, and to have laboured, with great assiduity, to rise to the perfection of beauty, by their extirpation.

But this science of eradication, seems yet in its infancy, the most successful of these laborious belles having, hitherto, been able only to *change* the expression.

Thus, those who have wanted to discard the modest, have substituted the impudent: where nature designed the languid beauty, art has given us the lascivious. Instead of the engaging, the timid, and the chearful, we find the supercilious, the daring, and the glum. These, though not so destructive as their opponents; do yet take something away from pure and simple beauty, which ought to have no character at all.

Men, Nancy, ought to be drawn by women. They do not engage me sufficiently to take the least pains about them. In one hour *you* would discover, in the countenance of Mr. Foston, the penetrating, the sensible; in that of Stanley, the haughty, or majestic; and, in the Chesslyns, the good-natured and engaging.

You



You would see your happy brother, if he was not your brother, in this scale of estimation, at the very top; his vacancy of face being charactered with nothing—save the Innocent. Adieu,—my Nancy.

Your most affectionate brother,

THOMAS SUTTON.

*Miss Sutton to her Brother.*

Attingham.

*C'EST* une percussage, miss, and no fair deduction from the system of Mr. Cozens, says Mr. Dampert, yesterday, on the subject of your whimsical idea of beauty.

Whatsoever it is, says I, I should like to acquire a sufficient quantity of these said impurities.

You *have* a sufficient quantity, miss; if you saw yourself with n y eyes, there is but one thing you would wish to change.

What



What is it, Sir?

Your cruelty to me.

*C'est une perciflage*, Mr. Dampport, and no fair deduction from the premises. How am I cruel?

You torment the thing that loves you.

Doubtless, Sir, your torments are very grievous; and it is the height of barbarity in me, not to relieve them; for love, you know, is quite a voluntary affection.

Too fatally I know the contrary.

You have several times, Mr. Dampport, endeavoured to persuade me that you are serious. Let me ask you a serious question? Would you, with no better an establishment than the forty pounds a year, you have as a curate, marry a penniless young woman, who has had the misfortune of a genteel education?

Passion, miss, answers the question ten times in the affirmative, before reason can pronounce her negative once. Besides, a parson ought to know, as well as any one, how to put his trust in providence.

It is the very essence of piety to expect providence should reward our indiscretions.

Marriage is a sacrament, miss; a duty,  
a com-



a command ; how then can it be deemed an indiscretion ?

I am quite unacquainted with these clerical subtleties, Mr. Dampport ; and, you will excuse me, Sir, I have not the least desire to learn.

Clerical subtleties ! Miss, give me leave to inform you, miss ———.

Suffer me to be ignorant, Mr. Dampport.

This inflexible obstinacy, miss, ———.

Go on, Sir.

This gentleman, brother, is my first sweetheart, and therefore it is no wonder, with so little experience, that I should treat him, as he says I do, improperly. But I have another lover, three times his age, and twice as big. Mr. Staines is a very fat, rich, batchelor farmer ; and of more than common consequence ; having had the honour to lend money to two peers of the realm. My godmother takes his part with a degree of eagerness and pertinacity that would be unjust even in a parent. But for this, I might be diverted with his singularly honest courtship. Mayhap, miss, he says, you may think I choose you for your beauty ; but then you'dn be mistakken ; I ha' more understanding than to be takken in by the eye. I likes you becau'e yo're none of the fiz-gigging misses, with their roles, and  
po-



pomatums, and tippets, and trumpery. You're a sober minded young woman, one belike as wull keep close house, and mind business. It would ha' been better to be sure if you'd had'n a bit o' money; but yo' mun ma't out wi' love and kindness for a mon at has bettered your condition.

This courtship is always made in the presence of my godmother, who treated me with great harshness, on my once endeavouring to turn it into ridicule. I do not ask your advice, my brother, concerning either of these gentlemen. Prudence rejects the first, and an entire aversion the other. I do not object to his age neither, for I would sooner accept an establishment from an elderly man of good sense, who married me from motives of domestic convenience, than from a young one whose *sole* motive was *love*. This way of thinking may be singular, it may be unnatural. I own it is the child of reflection, arising from situation and circumstance. No idea I have ever yet formed of love, is half so cordial to me, as the continuance of my brother's affection.

Adieu,

ANN. SUTTON.



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*Mr. Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth Castle.

MARRIAGES, Nancy, or, as you chuse to call them, establishments, should not be made when the heart feels aversion. This is the voice of nature, who is wise in all her ways; and it is a pretty general notion amongst observing fathers and mothers, that the greatest number of happy marriages arise from neutral hearts.

This is a situation in which reasonable expectations only, are wont to be formed. Under the influence of tender and passionate love, we form many of a far different aspect. Disappointment follows: Disgust and resentment tread upon his heels; happiness wings away; and every reverse of pleasure and tranquility takes its place.

The feelings of youthful hearts, Nancy, will militate against these maxims of grey experience; nor shall I be in the least surprized or afflicted, to find, at some future



day, this babe of yours drowned in a flood of soft sensation.

Till this hour arrives, my Nancy, I must establish you in the house, as you already are in the heart of your brother.

I am not now the idle, forlorn, and outcast wretch I was a month ago; I am rich by the bounty, and still richer by the esteem of my friends. In short, I am the busy agent, or, if you will, high steward of Mr. Foston's estates here, and Mr. Chesslyn's in Devonshire; and am going to be the active minister to carry into execution a plan of Agriculture, the most liberal, and the most adapted to make a tenantry rich and happy, that I believe has ever been conceived. A very neat house at the foot of Mount Henneth, is preparing for my sister, who is to superintend, as far as is a lady's province, the product of one hundred and more acres of arable and pasture land, stocked with the money, once destined to carry me where avarice and ambition is hourly employed in digging European graves. Till this house is ready, Nancy, Miss Foston gives you a very cordial invitation to the castle. I write a letter of thanks to your godmother, informing her of my design;  
not-



MOUNT HENNETH. 178

notwithstanding which, if lady Morell continues to invite you to accompany her to town, and the jaunt is agreeable to you, freely accept it. I inclose a bill, that my sister may not be stinted in her little generosities when she leaves her native village; nor sigh in vain for the female ornaments London will exhibit to her admiring eyes.

Till I am so happy as to embrace my Nancy here, the subject of my correspondence will be the life of Mr. Foston, which we have prevailed upon him to relate for the evening entertainments of the select company now here; and as it is requested to be as minute as his memory will permit, you will not now complain of the brevity of my future letters. Adieu, my Nancy.

Ever your affectionate,

T. SUTTON.





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*Mr. Thomas Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth Castle.

**I**N compliance with the repeated request of the company, Mr. Foston accosted us thus :

Although some of the incidents of my life may be thought extraordinary, I am not so much the dupe of my own vanity, intermingled as they are with a series of trivial and unimportant actions, as to think them sufficiently so to engage your attention.

But you request me to make the detail as minute as possible ; I shall obey this request, because I think it may not be altogether disagreeable to minds accustomed to reflection, to observe that progression of sentiment, arising from situation and circumstance, which from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, gradually changes the man. In the common affairs of human life, this progression rises too imperceptibly to be remarked. That I am able to seize the clue, is owing to a habit, early begun,



begun, and continued to this hour, of devoting some portion of every day or night, to the journalising, if I may call it so, the occurrences I meet with; the conversations I hear; and the reflections I make upon each. I intended, Julia, to have turned you loose amongst these papers, and left you to make your way as well as you could; but unless you had ten times the phlegm of a Dutch commentator, you never could have travelled far in so barren a path. From these minutes, you will accept such a story as my judgment and vanity combined, enable me to draw. If the latter predominates too largely in the tale, I am not afraid of exposing to the eyes of my friends, a foible, from whose well directed source, spring the greatest number of those actions, on which mankind have agreed to bestow the epithet of good or great.

I was born in an obscure village a few miles distant from Plymouth. My father had the rare felicity of being a cure twenty years, with a clear annual revenue of forty-five pounds; but he fell, or rather rose, from this enviable station into a vicarage of one hundred and thirty.

Upon this superb establishment he married the daughter of a farmer, with an hundred pounds down. She was a mild,

H. 3. meek



meek creature, who knew no more of life than my father, and might have continued in this enviable ignorance, but for the rector's lady of a neighbouring village, who had had the misfortune of a genteel education.

Whilst my father was curate, he had the care of nothing but souls, for his salary was duly paid. He prayed with every parishioner when he was sick, and drank a cheerful cup of home-brewed with him when he was well. He had no subject of contention arising from his own concerns; and when he perceived any likely to spring up amongst his neighbours, he generally took the litigants to the sign of the Crown, where, by bestowing a proper share of attention upon the case, and drowning the rising wrath by large potations of October, he commonly made up the matter at one sitting.

But when he became a vicar, he had lands to till and tythes to collect. His new parishioners laughed at him about the one, and quarrelled with him about the other. His dignity was increased, and Mrs. Foston was improving in the art of supporting it.

Two sons and two daughters began to make frequent calls upon him, for the gentilities of dress and education, and he got



got to be over head and ears in debt, by this increase of his wealth.

To add to these afflictions, his village, which was large, was infested with miscreants. The exciseman, a profound metaphysician, had the impudence to deny the immateriality of the soul. The schoolmaster, who was versed in history, had imbibed many erroneous opinions, derogatory to the divine right of kings; and there was an enterprizing surgeon, who maintained to my father's teeth, that to inoculate for the small pox, a practice, at this time beginning to gain ground, was not flying in the face of the Lord.

My father's pulpit eloquence had been greatly exerted on all these topics, nor did he ever yield an inch of ground, tenable or untenable, at the Crown or the bowling green. Notwithstanding this warfare, a great part of the village listened to the seducing voice of the surgeon, and, laying aside all fear of God and my father, inoculated their children under his very nose.

Till this practice became fashionable, my mother had been a warm opponent; but the neighbouring gentry having adopted it, she joined the cry in its favour. After two years contention, my father's firmness began to give way, less I believe



to the force of the argument than to the force of my mother's elocution; but the natural small pox saved my father the shame of recantation, or of yielding to a practice contrary to his loudly supported opinions.

It is probable I may appear to treat my father's peculiarities with too much levity; but my filial reverence is equally strong as if he was exempt from weakness. I have seen much of human life, but never yet saw man without foibles; and my father, to compensate for the few he possessed, was blessed with as worthy a heart as ever beat in a human breast. He possessed the social affections in full force, and felt the loss of my younger brother and sister, like a father.

My mother felt it, like a mother. Except the exercise of a few vanities, she was a truly respectable woman; and so fond of her children, that grief and anxiety produced a complicated disease. She languished two years, and died. The sorrow due to this event had been anticipated; the event itself was received with a melancholy pleasure arising from a sense of her sufferings.

My sister, now fifteen, took on herself our little domestic cares, and I applied myself to such learning as fell in my way.

My



My father taught me Latin, and the schoolmaster arithmetic. In geometry, and its dependant sciences, I was my own tutor. Poetry and history I borrowed of a young friend at Plymouth, and hired novels from the circulating library. Thus I became a general scholar, and as superficial as the ladies, or any admirer of the world and its ways, could desire.

But it now became necessary to think at future support; I had piety enough, and faith enough, to have become one of the most dignified sons of the church, but my father's finances were too much deranged to support me at the university; besides I had not the least prospect of preferment.

After much deliberation I chose the East India company's service, and by the assistance of my Plymouth friend, and a petition signed by the heads of our parish to Lord L———, their landlord, I got upon the list of writers, and was ordered to the academy in Tower-street, to be perfected in merchants accounts.

My father stript himself of his last guinea, and my sister sacrificed a twelve-month's finery, to equip me out; I was fortified with excellent admonition; the sum of which was to be honest, and to hold fast to the faith, in spite of the wit



of libertines, and the sophistry of infidels; and with these supports I was left to steer my little bark over the tempestuous ocean as well as I was able.

At London I employed myself in acquiring the polite accomplishments of French and fencing; in which, and in some other *politesse*s, I succeeded so well, that I was within an ace of becoming a coxcomb of the first magnitude, when I was ordered on board the *Ariadne*. I entered this vessel, firmly persuaded that I was a phænomenon of genius and ability, and that the world was, or ought to be interested in my fate; luckily I received in it a few lessons which checked this exuberance of vanity.

The most unlimited freedom, consistent with decency and order, reigned on board our vessel. Officers, clerks, and passengers dined and supped, if they chose, at the captain's table. An enlivening bowl of punch inspirited the evening conversations; and wit, waggy, and controversy took their turns.

I stood too high in my own opinion to be able to bear the canva's and condemnation of my notions with necessary coolness of temper. My replications were usually made with asperity; and this mode of behaviour drew upon me the



the contempt, and oftentimes the malignity, of my opponents. The captain, a man of sense, with the manners of a gentleman, sometimes condescended to give me a private lesson of reproof, but I was too proud and vain, to benefit by it as I ought.

We had two ladies on board, bound for Masulipatam; the eldest, about fifty, precise, formal, splenetic, and a devotee. Her niece, about twenty, gay, rompish, a little of the coquette, and by no means destitute of wit. My zeal for religion obtained me the favour of the aunt; I wanted that of the niece, who had sense enough to despise my coxcomb airs. She gave me the nickname of the parson, and attached herself to my principal antagonist.

This was a young gentleman, in my own situation, whose name was Lewis. He had gained the company's esteem, and Miss Sewel's affection, by the sweetness of his temper, and by his insinuating manners. The opposition of our characters had produced a kind of enmity between us, but he had the satisfaction of despising me only, whilst on my side it had rose almost to a cordial hatred.

I had imbibed the purest orthodoxy,  
H 6 from



from the lessons of my father, and was tremblingly alive to whatsoever impugned opinions I had long held sacred. It happened one evening a dispute arose upon that most important article of our creed, the doctrine of the incarnation. Mr. Lewis not only denied its possibility, but subjected, what he called its absurdity, to all the powers of ridicule. I not only lost my temper, as usual, but grew so blind to all sense of politeness and decorum, that I said something, I know not what, about kicking all impious revilers to the devil. In this instance, Lewis also forgot himself. Instead of laughing at me, according to his general custom, he took the trouble to wring me by the snout, and walked immediately out of the cabin.

I followed to the quarter deck, in so christian like a mood, that I should not have made the least scruple of cutting the throats of an army of these impious revilers. I drew my sword, and without paying the least attention to the rules of quart and tierce, was going to run him through the body, when I found myself seized behind. The captain had ordered both of us to be arrested, and confined to our cabins. I was left to chew the cud of reflection till  
the



the next evening. It was a bitter but salutary medicine. When the vast swelling of my stomach had subsided, and I came to reflect upon my own behaviour, luckily, for the first time, I found something to condemn. Having once settled with myself the possibility of being in the wrong, it was not quite so difficult to find out, in what. Thus using the probe, in the gentlest manner possible, I went on, step by step, till reason and vanity fought on pretty equal terms. I even adverted to the different manners of Lewis and myself. Mine alienated peoples affections; his conciliated them. I could not, however, at this time bear to bring this mortifying picture to the clear light of day.

A little before the hour of supper, we were conducted into the great cabin. I envied Lewis the placidity of his countenance, in which there was an expression of shame, but none of resentment. Mine, if it indicated truly, must have shewn a sullen anger, and a shame arising from humbled pride, rather than contrition.

The captain addressed us thus. You are very sensible, gentlemen, that the peace of every society depends upon the punishment of the breach of those laws by which it is regulated. In polished



lished societies no man is permitted to be his own avenger; for, through the medium of passion, no objects appear such as they really are. The wisdom of this law is so apparent, that it would be an insult upon your understandings to enlarge upon it. But this law, Mr. Lewis, you have manifestly broke; and though the code of honour might have overlooked it in the world at large, on board of ships at sea, the infringement of it must be guarded against with peculiar care. I shall make a distinction in your favour, betwixt an intentional and an actual challenge; and you yourself will think you are leniently dealt with, if no other punishment is imposed than confinement for a few days more.

Mr. Lewis bowed, and was silent.

The captain continued. For you, Mr. Foston, although the affront Mr. Lewis gave you was gross, in my opinion your offence has a greater range of culpability. Under the pretence of zeal for religion, you have insulted not Mr. Lewis only, but all the company. You have indirectly supposed, that the faculty of perceiving truth is your's exclusively; and that other people have not an equal right with yourself, to the free communication of their own ideas. A more general know-



knowledge of the world will convince you of this equal right of mankind, and will shew you the folly of calling upon the civil magistrate, as you have often, in the warmth of argument, supposed just and necessary, to support the dogmas of any set of men whatever. Reflect, that nothing in itself indisputable can be long disputed; and that in propositions not absolutely demonstrable, the degrees of probability on which they rest, are best known by free and ample discussion. The more truth they contain, the more visible it will become by examination. Happily mankind is not in so deplorable a situation, as that its happiness should depend upon disputable dogmas.

Men agree, all over the world, in establishing those great and general truths which bind them together; and every where disagree, concerning those speculative notions, which are not absolutely necessary to that great end.

What would now have been the state of mankind, and where would now have been the christian religion, if magistrates had always been employed in restraining the free exertion of the powers of the human mind?

Do not imagine, Mr. Foston, that by  
what



what I now say, I mean to insinuate any thing against our most holy religion, or that I disapprove of your supporting it. Do it freely, but do it like a gentleman. I might say more emphatically, do it like a christian. For where, in the precepts or example of Jesus Christ, do you find permission to indulge yourself in vindictive rage and violence?

It is your manner, therefore, that I condemn, that uncivil rudeness, insupportable in society; which youth and inexperience can alone excuse; and which I must beg leave to punish in the same degree as Mr. Lewis's more gross, but not less justifiable offence.

Although I felt the full force of the captain's reproof, a certain remainder of the puppy hindered me from making, as I ought to have done, an answer of thanks. Lewis did it for me.

I am very sensible, Sir, says he, that the punishment you have assigned me, is too mild for the occasion; and am equally thankful for your lenity and reproof; but in estimating the degrees of culpability, in which Mr. Foster and I stand, permit me to say I differ from you. I have had time to consider the nature of the affront I gave him; it was such as no gentle-



gentleman could bear, and consequently such as no gentleman ought to have given.

It is true he was the aggressor, but in a less degree, and from a more laudable motive. On a cool review of the affair, I think I ought to ask his pardon; and I do ask your pardon, Mr. Folton, accordingly, in the face of the company.

This noble behaviour vanquished, for a time, all the coxcomb within me; and I stammered out, in great confusion, something about ingenuous modesty, and generous candour. I begged his pardon also, and gave the captain thanks; who remitted our penalties, entertained us with a bowl of punch, and we finished the evening in great festivity.

I will take this opportunity, Nancy, to give thee and myself some respite. Adieu, and believe me,

Ever your affectionate brother,

THOMAS SUTTON.

Mr.



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*Mr. Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth Castle.

**Y**OU must know, my Nancy, that my manner of telling Mr. Foston's story to you, is very little like the mode of it here, where it is mingled with a great number of interrogatories, replies, and agreeable conversations, which, in transmitting, would lose the greatest part of their spirit, for want of the accompaniments of air, tone, and gesture. You shall judge.

I wish, papa, says Miss Foston, at the part where I concluded my last, you would not call yourself so many names.

They are the names, Julia, usually bestowed upon young people, and old ones too, who flatter themselves largely, and have not the art of concealing it from the eyes of their neighbours.

I think, Sir, I have heard you say that vanity is a very useful foible in a young man?

Ay, and in a young woman too, Julia,  
well



well directed. But there are such a number of insignificant and idle vanities in rich and luxurious countries, that when I reflect upon them, I wish the foible eradicated from the human heart. At the same time, I own it is a capital spur to good and generous actions. How contemptible for a man to applaud himself because he has a large estate; six long tailed bays; a coat *à-la-mode de Paris*; a horse that will trot sixteen miles an hour; or a dog that will pin a bull. But when a man values himself for having more skill in his profession, more general science, more liberal opinions, it is highly probable he will obtain more professional skill, more general knowledge, and a greater liberality of opinion. There is, says Mr. John Chesslyn, a remarkable contrariety of thinking on this subject. Modesty and humility are recommended to young men, by sage old ones, as qualities that will render them truly respectable. No, says a man of the world; appear to have a good opinion of yourself, and mankind will have a good opinion of you. Tell the people with whom you converse that you are their superior, and they will generally believe it without farther enquiry; and in this way, more than  
by



by dint of humble industry, capital fortunes are said to be obtained.

I assure you, says Mrs. Tyrrel, I have seen ample verification of this in our great city. Oh! I warrant you, milliners and mantua-makers, and the gentlemen of the bar, and secretaries of state, would be nothing without it.

And for my part, says Miss Melton, I came from a country where the demand for this commodity is at present small, and am so prejudiced in favour of its antagonist qualities, that I wish it may never increase.

Your people, says Mr. Henry Chesslyn, are employed in making a small town a great city; ours in making a great city a small town. These different occupations may require different talents.

Let us compound the difference, says Mr. John, and say that one of these qualities is best adapted to the hurry and bustle of the world; the other to the shade.

It appears to me, says Miss Foston, that all may be good in the medium, but none in the extremum. Is it impossible for young people to acquire a *just* opinion of themselves, without too great self-confidence on one side, or arrogance on the other?

It



It is at least uncommon, says Mr. Foston; but Solomon seems to have settled this matter the best of any man living in one short sentence. There is a time for all things. A time to be humble, and a time to be proud; a time to be modest, and a time to be vain. In short there wants nothing but a due consideration of time, place, and circumstance, to bring all or most human qualities to action with advantage.

I am greatly obliged to the wise king of Judea, says Laura, for the timely aid he has brought to poor vanity. Alas! if any thing should happen to the poor creature, what would become of numberless *beaux* and *belles*, who draw their happiness solely from this source? And what would have become of the looking glasses?

Never fear. The animal has the properties of ten thousand Proteuses. Destroy him in one place, he will spring up in twenty. I move that he shall take his course in the world, and that Mr. Foston do proceed in his story.

I obey. My mind was destined to receive its next ray of light from a lady. How must I do, Julia, if the relation should any where border a little upon the ——— ludicrous.

Omit it, papa.

Or



Or treat it philosophically, says Laura, and then you know, Julia, archly, it will be quite another thing.

I shall be as happy to please, as unwilling to offend. Notwithstanding the noble behaviour of Mr. Lewis, I still felt a secret malignity, which I was ashamed to avow even to myself, but which I had not the power to get rid of. Miss Sewel might be the cause. I was extremely disposed to fall in love with this young lady, had she not kept me at a distance with the most mortifying contempt. The aunt endeavoured to console me. I spent the greatest part of my time in the cabin of this good lady, occupied wholly in spirituals. Mr. Whitfield had instructed her in the comforts of divine love, and she imparted these comforts to me with singular efficacy. I soon saw in the clearest light, the folly of trusting in those filthy rags of righteousness, which vain worldlings call good works, and was almost convinced that the gallows was the best possible road to heaven. Miss Sewel had little taste for divine love, and when the aunt and I began to glow with holy fervor, would generally seek a less celestial edification on the quarter deck with Lewis.

We were thus occupied one fine evening within a few degrees of the line.  
Mrs.



Mrs. Sewel was in a light undress, more than usually attractive, and the heat had thrown an extraordinary degree of languor into her features. I had drawn my chair close to hers, and had even taken possession of her hand, which I pressed or relaxed in proportion to my zeal. We were so intent upon our divine beatitude, that we did not hear the boatswain's whistle, giving notice that the ship's tack was going to be changed. In consequence of this inattention to worldly concerns, we were thrown with some violence to the contrary side of the cabin.

It was my unhappy fate to fall directly upon the lady, and the first thing I noticed was a certain disorder in her dress, which I endeavoured to compose. Whether Mrs. Sewel mistook my intentions, or whether the poor lady's extreme fright had given a shock to her senses, I know not; but certain it is, we got still worse entangled; and how we should have got out of it is uncertain, if Miss Sewel had not at that instant entered the cabin, and by a pious ejaculation of, Lord ha' mercy, restored Mrs. Sewel to the use of her senses in a moment. The good lady now saw the horror of her situation in its true light, and began to defend her virtue with pro-



prodigious agility. She cuffed and kicked, and tore at an amazing rate ; and that gentle mouth, which, in her delirium, had only breathed forth a few imploring sighs, now poured out the agreeable epithets of rogue and villain with great profusion. This gentle squall brought in a sailor, who hallowed out avast, d—mme ! what boarding my boy without haling the vessel ! Come, damme, heave up. Miss Sewel having assisted her aunt to rise, the the poor fatigued lady threw herself into a chair, and burst forth into the most piteous lamentations, mingled with thanksgivings to the Lord for his seasonable relief.

When this burst of piety had subsided, I ventured to remonstrate.

Mrs. Sewel determined to convince her niece, the sailor, and all the world, of her unspotted purity, redoubled her clamour. I was a wicked hypocritical wretch, and made religion a pretence to ensnare : I was a barbarian, a brute, to throw her off her chair in that cruel manner —.

Madam, you mistake ; it was the change of the tack. Tack me no tacks, says Mrs. Sewel, it was you ; you wanted to ravish me, you know you did ; but the Lord delivered me.

Avast



A vast jawing, damme, says the sailor, if you go on with your line of battle a head in this manner, d'you see, we must heave the young gentleman into custody, and try him by a court-martial; so keep a good look out upon your conscience d'you see.

Christ have mercy upon me, says Mrs. Sewel, what wretches am I got among! what unfeeling monsters are sailors!

That's your land jaw, mistress; if so be as how you've lost any thing of substance, mayhap a sailor my have as much honesty as a landman, but as to restoring lost maidenheads look you, its quite out of a sailor's way; case why, mistress; there's no knowing at your age, the time it might be lost, within a score of good years or more, and so the search would be labour in vain.

There was something or other in this rude speech of the sailor's, which pierced deeper than common; Mrs. Sewel was almost raving. The captain entered, and requested an explanation. Mrs. Sewel's account was absolutely unintelligible, and she would permit no other to be given. Miss Sewel desired the captain to postpone his enquiry for the present, and leave her aunt to compose herself.



The captain complied, and was followed by his officers into the great cabin, where he demanded an account of this matter from the sailor. The sailor told the tale as well as he could, but mixed the serious and the comic together, in so odd a way, that the bench of judges might have been made merrier by it, but not a bit the wiser. The burden of his tale was, to be sure the young gentleman had fallen foul of the frigate d'you see, but how, was best known to himself.

Mr. Foston, says the captain, this is an odd affair; will you, as a man of honour, give us the truth without disguise, remembering, that people of probity consider the confession of foible as a mark of manly mind, and that nothing is so mean as a failure in point of veracity.

In this case, captain, says I, I am under no temptation to deviate from the truth. I then told the story in the simplest manner possible, even to the preceding discourse; and described the being unable to disengage myself, merely as an effect of Mrs Sewel's terror.

The captain smiled, and made me a very long and very friendly speech, the purport of which was this.

You want nothing, says he, to make you an agreeable and sensible young man, except



a certain amiability of manners, and liberality of sentiment, which I fear are not to be attained, by religious conversations with methodists and infatuated old women.

You are at present enamoured of divine love, and efficacious grace; doubtless you understand the precise meaning of the terms: I do not; and shall be obliged to you for an explication.

I thought nothing could be more easy, and never was more surprized than when I found myself stopped at the threshold. I did hammer out an explanation notwithstanding, at which the company smiled, and the captain asked me whether I should be satisfied with an obscurity like this in any other kind of knowledge whatsoever? Reflect, says he, how very different is the cant of a sect, from the liberal language of a Christian at large.

Be candid now, and say, whether you do not frequently find your sentiments as a gentleman and man of the world, at variance with those you derive from the jargon of a sect, and detached quotations from scripture?

I acknowledged such reflections had occurred to me, and that I was unable to reconcile particular texts of scripture to



the general mode of living amongst mankind.

It appears then, says the captain, that you have only one of two things to do; either suit your mode of life to these chosen scraps and fritterings of religion, or consider its enlarged and universal tenor, and combine its duties to your general duties as a man. By the first of these means you may in time become a Monk or a Moravian; by the second only, a Christian and a gentleman.

I felt the severity of this reproof, and was greatly abashed. The captain saw it, and went on thus: It is probable, Mr. Foston, that in treating you in this manner, and, as it were, intruding admonition upon you, I usurp an authority to which I have no right. You have only to say this, and I have done for ever.

I answered that I considered his advice as an obligation; but did not, in the present case, see any immorality of conduct that ought to bring down so severe a reproof.

The captain replied that I mistook his sense of the matter. He did not think of immorality, and that I might have amused myself, as I pleased, with this pious and venerable lady without his af-  
fixing



fixing to it the idea of moral turpitude. He had in consideration only, the abuse of time, every moment of which, to a young man, is of such infinite importance, with the danger of acquiring habits of indolence, and habits of fanatic thinking, in all ages the disgrace of human kind.

The captain spoke much more upon the subject, judiciously mingling praise with preaching in such a manner, that vanity was less shocked, and dignity less offended.

When the captain expressed himself too forcibly, Mr. Lewis put in a few words by way of extenuation, so that I got out from this second drubbing with as little wound to my pride, as could be expected.

It was very wholesome for *my* constitution, notwithstanding; and set me upon reflecting and comparing a little more closely than usual. Good works ——— filthy rags. Bad ones, a special plea to the favour of God. Excellent for society. The Almighty selects for his particular favourites, those happy mortals whose heads become possessed of notions which reason, common-sense, and the laws of human society disclaim; and rejects the wretches who concern themselves about



justice, mercy, charity, benevolence, &c.  
 Very consistent. Sanctity very compatible with perjury and murder.

This last comparison requires explanation. There were not wanting several of the young gentlemen to whom a trial for a rape would have been excellent pastime, and who for the mere fun of the thing, stimulated Mrs. Sewel to persist in her accusation. Amongst these was Lewis himself, who constantly acquainted me with the arguments he used, and the reception they met with in the bosom of the old lady. She was easily convinced that so enormous a sinner ought to be taken from the light of day, and would have lent her assistance to this work of piety, but that Miss Sewel, who saw into the intended ridicule, implored the captain to put a stop to it.

I had the pleasure soon after to hear the good old gentlewoman confess she believed it was mere accident, and make advances towards a renewal of our familiarity. But I had begun to relish other habitudes. Lewis had conquered my prejudices, and we were inseparable. Our principal avocations were, the study of the sciences, and fencing, in which we mutually assisted each other. Our tastes  
 were



were alike, but our notions different; we disputed for ever and ever. He had the kindness to consider my petulance as a constitutional weakness, and from this gentle mode of treatment, I had the pleasure to find it diminish every day. You must be weary, Nancy, adieu.

Your affectionate brother,

THOMAS SUTTON.

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*Mr. Sutton to his Sister.*

*St. George's* Henneth Castle.

THE Cape of Good Hope, says Mr. Foston, in continuation, furnishes an agreeable repast for naturalists, but very little entertainment for ladies. We continued a fortnight there, and Lewis, a Mr. Sorrell, and myself took lodgings in the town, at the house of a jolly Dutch widow, who entertained us like emperors for half a crown sterling per diem. She had two fair daughters, whom it was impossible



possible not to love, they were so plump, so short, so round, and had a carriage so engaging and free.

Our companion, Sorrell, was of a peculiar character. From his silence and reserve we gave him the name of the Taciturnian; and from his entering into all matters of amusement without any seeming attachment, and with an air of the most careless indifference, we called him Poco-curante.

Whilst Lewis and I were kneeling at the feet of the daughters, he was kind enough to engage the mother. Our devours were so well received, that these nymphs of Good Hope condescended to accept from us a pretty little quantity of expensive presents. Every hour brought us nearer happiness; every hour encreased the engaging softness of our fair ones; but every hour brought disappointment also; and it was not till we were called on shipboard, we had the satisfaction to learn, our goddesses, far from being votaries of the Paphian queen, were trained up by their provident mother in the exercise of true Dutch virtue; of selling all favours but the last.

I had the consolation as usual to make a great number of reflections, and now  
and



and then of fabricating a maxim; as upon this occasion: Beware of Dutch women; they are not what they seem.

Nor was this the whole accession I made to my stock of wisdom at the Cape; a thick squab mate of a Dutch East-Indiaman, did me the favour of running me through the muscular part of my sword arm, only for saying, in a public coffee-house, that Mercury, whatsoever they might pretend, Mercury was the only true god of the Dutch. And a scoundrel Hottentot, who had left his countrymen to sell gin at the Cape, knocked me down, only for observing, that naturalists were evidently mistaken in the classification of Hottentots amongst mankind. National reflections are dangerous.

Nothing material happened during the remainder of the voyage; we arrived safe at Madras in the spring of 1753. Here I found myself in a scene of such infinite bustle and confusion, that I almost lost my senses in the whirl. The objects of reflection were so numerous and variable, that I found it impossible to reflect. The great nabobs of Arcot and Golconda, were gone to loggerheads; and the French and English, who never miss an opportunity of acquiring power and plunder,



in the East, were assisting their feeble endeavours to cut each other's throats.

Even the peaceable factors of the company, whose sole business it is to buy and sell, find, in these warring tumults, such inviting opportunities of oppression, such alluring monopolies, such beetle-nut bargains, that not to grow rich is beyond the power of human virtue.

The cabinet of Versailles does not employ more, or more refined intrigue, than is to be found amongst the members of the factories, as well for acquisition, as for prudent post-appropriation.

Mr. Clive had just entered on his brilliant career; the taking of Arcot was one of his first distinguished exploits. This was succeeded by his sustaining a siege in turn; by his repulse of the besiegers; and, finally, by his restoration of the province to Ali Cawn, the son of Annaverda.

Restorations are fine employments; but Lewis, Sorrell, and I, had not the luck to be engaged in this. We were sent to Calcutta. The first year was diligently applied in learning our business; our leisure hours were spent in disputing as usual, metaphysically; and though we went over the same ground, the profoundest



foundest heads had gone before us ; though our topics had been distinguished by the fine appellation of the first philosophy, we never could obtain the least suffrage from Sorrel, either in favour of our matter or our manner. The fellow would never open his mouth, except to abuse us.

Great philosophers ! say he, who contend for victory, and suffer neglected truth to wander unobserved ! Pray heaven to endue you with sense sufficient to distinguish betwixt knowledge and nonsense ; then go—and engender maggots. What else can be expected from air and heat !

Notwithstanding this, we were the best friends in the world, for interest united us. We joined our little stocks, and traded in partnership ; we eat and drank, kept black slaves and palanqueens, made love, and performed other fashionable follies in partnership.

Which was the most expensive, most consummate coxcomb ; or whose moral honesty was founded upon the firmest ground, were two points we could never settle. Lewis and Sorrel gave up the first intirely in my favour ; and though I would willingly have declined the honour, I could not help now and then making a



tacit confession of the justness of my title to it. As to moral honesty, I claimed to find it upon religion; Lewis, upon honour, and the dignity of man's nature; and Sorrel upon nothing at all. And if, says he, I do not go as far in the dark as you with your boasted guides—call me a horse. It may, indeed, accompany religion; it may accompany what you call honour; but if it was the necessary, it would be the constant effect of these, and that we see it is not. After all, lads, are you sure we have it? Who dare impeach us? What contracts do we break? What debts do we leave unpaid? What virgins do we delude?

Oho! says Sorrel, these are luminous proofs. It is the very essence of honesty to fulfil contracts by which we gain fifty per cent. and to pay debts that induce more such contracts. As to poor virginity, that is a fruit that the sickly natives eat all up before it is half ripe enough for an European palate.

Whatsoever truth there might be in *these* remarks, my zeal for religion continued still unshaken. Of this I soon after gave a very ridiculous proof. Lewis and I were sent to a village of weavers, some miles up the Ganges. We were most hospitably entertained, and should have



have parted with mutual satisfaction; could I have restrained my pious effusions within due bounds.

One afternoon we were very merry at the house of a principal weaver, over a bowl of arrack. Several of the company understood French; the discourse turned upon the differences of the three prevailing religions of the country, Christianity, Mahometanism, and Paganism. According to custom I supported my own, and abused the other. The Gentoo's are the mildest of men; I was heard with a holy horror, but nothing invidious or abusive was retorted upon me.

I continued heating myself with arrack and my own ideas, till the company broke up. Lewis went to lie down, and I, to walk. The village had a pagoda, whose wooden deity had a face as grim, savage, and terrifying, as their artists were able to execute. I happened to direct my steps hither, and found about a score of these quiet and silly people making their obeisances and offerings to this hideous figure. It was more than at this instant my enthusiasm could bear. I spit in the face of the idol. The people turned their eyes another way, or bowed their heads to the ground. I had a small cane in my hand, with which I gave the deity some smart



smart strokes over the head and shoulders. The God bore them quietly, but the priest and the people did not. I now found the effects of zeal in other breasts, as well as my own. They seized me, regardless of my consequence as the company's factor; and, hurrying me to the banks of the Ganges, fairly and speedily plumbt me in, leaving it to the good pleasure of the river god, to drown, or purify me, as he thought fit.

I rolled down the holy tide till I came opposite a garden, and had just strength and sense sufficient to lay hold of some branches which hung over the bank. A young lady was seated in an orange grove, a book in her hand. I called out for help. She flew like lightning, and returned with two black slaves, who got me out and supported me betwixt them, by the lady's direction, into an apartment of the house. A cordial was given me; but to a man half drunk and half drowned, repose was the best cordial. I had enough of the language of the country to make my wishes for it understood. I was put to bed, and the blacks took the care of drying my cloaths.

I had not slept half an hour before I was awaked by a confused murmur of voices. The rumour had spread that I  
had



had been taken up into the garden, and a number of people had assembled about the door, not like an English mob, intent upon further mischief, but merely to communicate their pious fears. The slaves who had saved me, hearing the horrid crime I had been guilty of, ran with my cloaths to the banks of the Ganges, and, without a pause, committed them to the stream.

And as themselves had been contaminated by the touch, and this sacred flood has the property of washing away the filth equally of souls and bodies, they threw themselves in afterwards. These particulars I learned from Lewis, who came to rejoice in my deliverance, though he was hurt by my folly. He was himself obliged to be the porter of a fresh suit of cloaths; for not an Indian, man or woman, would, at this time, touch a rag wore by so sacriligious a wretch. When I was dressed, I begged to pay my respects to my fair deliverer. On her entrance I was astonished to hear her speak in good Hindostan French. With an humble and contrite heart I began my speech of gratitude. I am glad, says she, you value life well enough to thank me for it. I was afraid I should have met with your rebuke for robbing you of your crown



crown of martyrdom. I could not answer this raillery. Come, says she, let me introduce you to my father; a slight repast is preparing for you; perhaps it will be better for you also to accept the hospitality of a night's lodging; by morning the people may be brought to endure you. She led me to her father's apartment; but how was I astonished to find in him, the venerable old priest of the pagoda. His countenance was perfectly mild and benign. I am equally sorry, young man, says he, for you and for my countrymen; both of you must have had an erroneous idea of the supreme power, when you assumed his right to punish. But no more of this. Forgive each other. Daughter hasten supper.

In a few minutes we sat down to a very simple banquet; our good old host had something pleasing in his conversation, though grave; the daughter was hilarity itself, and not a little addicted to the satirical.

After the repast was over; come gentlemen, says the old priest, you Europeans are fond of good wine; I like it also; may the bounties of heaven be moderately enjoyed by the sons and daughters of men; but let us shun excess, for excess is not enjoyment. A few glasses gave



gave a freer liberty to our tongues; and the conversation grew perfectly sprightly and entertaining. It was principally sustained by Lewis and the young lady, who discovered great similarity of taste and sentiment. I was, in spite of all my conviviality, still rankling with the old bile. At length I ventured to express to the old priest some astonishment; that a man so wise, learned, and sensible, should fall into so gross an error as the worship of idols.

We are taught this mode of worship from our infancy; replies the old man; when we are grown up, it is become our dearest habit.

And what better reason, says the young lady, have you for your strong attachment to yours?

It's intrinsic excellence, madam.

You become acquainted with this intrinsic excellence then, Sir, before you form your attachment?

I can't say that, madam.

We, Sir, find ours intrinsically excellent also, by the time we arrive at years of maturity. But I am fond of instruction, Sir, and will endeavour to open myself to conviction, if you will condescend to convert me.

Glad to be indulged in my favourite topic,



topic, I began, methodically, with the creation of the world ; Adam in paradise ; his fall ; the condemnation of all mankind for his sake ; his redemption by the incarnation ; our redeemer's sufferings and death ; ending with the promise of immortal life to all who believe.

The good old priest heard me with great attention ; the lady would sometimes interrupt her's, by an exclamation of, how great ! how good ! how wise ! how benevolent ! how reasonable ! how edifying !

I considered all these as proofs of her approbation, and became transported. Never did I think myself so eloquent. It is true, Lewis laughed immoderately ; but this I had been so accustomed to, that I regarded it no longer. When I had finished, this was the old man's reply.

In all you have told me, Sir, which indeed I have often heard before, I see so little difference from what we ourselves believe, and from what I have learnt of other religions also, that I cannot help thinking we are all, the universe I mean, brethren of the same faith ; divided more by calling the same, or nearly the same things, by different names, than by any thing.



thing fundamental, or useful to mankind to distinguish.

I see every where acknowledged, ONE GREAT FIRST CAUSE, the dispenser of all good, and the punisher of all evil. And as it is the nature of man to guess, where he cannot know, to dogmatise when he cannot teach, we have assigned him a great number of attributes, a great many modes of action, to bring about those designs we have supposed him to intend. Miracles and prodigies are in every religion the base and fabric of the faith. Scriptures, heaven-sent, and priests and temples, are the portion of every people, which a regulated society distinguishes from those whose life is little different from that of the animals of the forest.

One peculiar abf—s—s, I say one peculiar dogma, gives you a superiority over the rest of mankind. You alone claim for a law-giver, the absolute son of God, virgin born, co-equal and co-eternal with his father. For the rest, the supernatural doctrines, if I may be allowed to call them so, bear all over the earth so near a resemblance to each other, that I have been more astonished at the contentions they have created, than at any other phænomena this extraordinary animal, man, hath ever exhibited.

You,



You, Sir, for example, have considered our people's bowing down before idols as something so different from what you daily see amongst your own, that you have thought it an abomination.

In truth, it is the same. Ask a Christian frank, why he bows with lowly reverence to the cross; he will answer, his adoration is paid to the Saviour of mankind; the cross is nothing more than the admonishing memorial. Ask the same question of an Indian, he will tell you when he bows before his idol, he prays; or deprecates the Supreme Being, or some superior good or evil power, sent or permitted by him, from whom he has something to hope or fear. He sees no absurdity in thus bowing to his idol; the Christian sees none in bowing to the cross; or in those pious processions of his priests, where the bread they have themselves consecrated into a God, is elevated for the reverence of the adoring multitude.

You, it is true, are of a sect who have rejected a multitude of these observances; you have retained many which still appear strange and unaccountable to foreigners of different faiths.

My son, be in charity with all religions; every thing that is valuable in any, is truly  
 the



the foundation of all. It is, as your writings emphatically stile it, the love of God and of your neighbour. It is the basis of our religion as it is of yours. It is the basis of all religion upon earth: The edifice which the fantastic brains of man have erected upon this solid foundation in every country of the world, has changed, and will for ever change. The solid base remains till time shall be no more.

I repeat but a small part of what the old gentleman said. Had I seen it in a book, I should probably have called it declamation, not argument, and despised it accordingly. But the benignity in the old man's venerable features; the emphatic mildness with which he spoke; and above all, that true spirit of philanthropy which shone through all his words and manners, had the full force of conviction upon me. His lovely daughter had a due share in this; she had fairly captivated both Lewis and myself; and for a year after this, we were oft her guests; I had the satisfaction during this period, of imbibing more true wisdom, of acquiring a more liberal cast of mind; and of getting rid of a greater quantity of coxcombry, than I could boast of having done



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done in the whole of my preceding life.

I acknowledge the receipt of your last.

Adieu, and be happy.

THOMAS SUTTON.

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*Mr. Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth Castle.

I Shall say nothing of what passes here, my Nancy, till I have finished Mr. Foston's story.

In the spring of the year 1756, I was sent to Surat and Bombay. Before I began my journey, finding the happiness of my best friend depended upon the success of his suit to the lovely Arady, I had the fortitude to give my pretensions, which stood on an equal foot with his own, up to his wishes. He married her some years after. I shall have occasion again to speak of this happy pair, to whose friendship I am



I am indebted for more than human comforts.

After a long, but not unpleasant journey, performed on horseback, with one black servant, I arrived safe at Surat, where my business required at least a twelvemonth's residence.

I met with nothing here but ordinary occurrences, for Pagodas no longer excited my religious knight errantry. So great in this particular was the change in my disposition, that I could have gone a cordial pilgrimage with an honest Mahometan, and without insulting his prophet, or his five ablutions, could have silently adored, in the temple of Mecca, the searcher of all hearts, the God of the universe.

When I was preparing to return to Bengal, news arrived of the war begun by Surajah Dowlah, of his having taken Calcutta, and of the well-known horrible catastrophe of the black hole there. All this was confirmed by a letter from Lewis, who informed me further that our friend Sorrel was amongst the number of the unfortunate wretches who perished there, and that himself escaped, by lingering a few days with his Arady longer than his business at her village required.

By



By this event the greatest part of our property, which began to be worth our notice, had gone to wreck.

I was relieved from the chagrin of this, by a Bombay fever, which proved so debilitating, that for near three months, I can truly say, that every earthly wish had vanished. But death, never more ardently wished for, pursued his ravages where he was far less welcome.

Impatient for any change, I set out before I was perfectly recovered. The country was full of Mahrattoes, who were at this time in alliance with the East-India company, which they had assisted in demolishing the pirate Angria. These gentlemen are never in their element, but when they plunder, and are by no means delicate in the choice of objects. I knew well their plundering parties would pay but little regard to my being an Englishman; I therefore sent all the effects belonging to the company by sea, reserving only as much as was necessary for travelling expences, and for contingents. The greatest part of this I changed into small diamonds, which are saleable every where; these I quilted into a belt which I wore next my body; and, thus equipped, set out on my journey, attended by my faithful black.

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The evening of the second day we were surrounded by a small troop of these Marauders. I called out, in French, for any one who knew that language. A little fellow answered, he had the honour to be *un Francois*. And you are now fighting against your countrymen, says I? *Diablement*, replies he. And, for the English? *Oh que non*, says he, *pour moi meme*. But I am an Englishman, says I, and the Mahrattoes are our friends. *C'est votre finesse*, monsieur, says he; your habit, your language, your physiognomy are all French, and *par Dieu* I will rob you French or English, *pour l'honneur de mon pays*. So, for the honour of France, we were robbed of our horses, money, and portmanteau, and turned adrift to the mercy of fortune. That night we went supperless to bed upon clean straw in a barn, and before noon the next day, reached Badur, a pretty populous town. Here we sold half our diamonds, and furnished ourselves with fresh horses, and travelling necessaries. With these we reached within six leagues of Brampour, congratulating ourselves that we were probably safe from Mahrattoes. The country here is mountainous and woody. Passing along we heard a cry of lamentation. It proceeded from the right of.



the road. My black servant advised me to ride on without regarding it; but a piercing shriek, which seemed to be from a woman, carried me towards the sound, in spite of fear or prudence.

Five men and one woman were stripped half naked, and tied to separate trees. We hastened to unbind them, beginning, as gallantry required, with the female. We had performed this friendly office for the last man, when a blow on the back part of the head, deprived each of us of our senses. When we recovered, we found ourselves tied to two of the same trees we had released these gentry from, our horses gone, our money, and half our garments taken away, but the diamond belt remained. From this disaster we were relieved by two travelling faquirs, who conducted us to Brampour, and administered to our wants as kindly as in all probability two Christian bishops would have done. They slept with us in the same room of the Caravanféra, begged us victuals, and dressed our wounds.

This kindness, which could have no other source but the truest piety, affected me with a desire to reward them. Take, says I, four of these diamonds, producing my girdle; I know they are useless to yourselves, but you may hereafter meet  
with



with an opportunity of bestowing them, where charity herself would wish.

They accepted the idea, and the diamonds; procured us a comfortable supper; a bottle of the wine of Schiraz, which brought us speedy and sound repose; prayed for us, and betook themselves to rest.

I awoke in the morning so refreshed, that I determined to go into the town, and sell as many diamonds as would enable us to pursue our journey. Alas! the diamonds, belt and all, were gone. Our only remaining source of comfort lay in our friendly faquirs. We sought them every where. They were gone also.

I might have given myself up to the despair of an Englishman, and its too common consequence, had it not been for my faithful black, who assured me, that to travel five hundred miles barefoot, without provisions or money to procure it, was nothing to an Indian. I put myself therefore under his guidance, and set out.

A great deal of wild fruit was ripe in the hedges; we found now and then a rivulet; and my servant never failed to procure us a lodging and some coarse food at a village.



After abundance of adventure, some ridiculous, and some distressing, we arrived at Calcutta, now re-taken by Clive and Watson, and found my good friend Lewis, full of anxiety for my fate. He did not then know that I merited congratulation more than condolance. Five weeks exposition to all the varieties of air, famine, and fatigue, had totally freed me from that enervating languor left by my fever, and had hardened my constitution to a great degree.

The effects upon my mind were still more important.

I had been accustomed, like the greatest part of mankind who feel it not, to cast a transcendent glance at misery; perhaps to exult in my superiority over its objects. But now I had seen a thousand wants, and my own feelings had communicated the soft sensation of sympathy to my bosom. May I never lose it! My vanity too, had suffered in the conflict. I had seen patience, fortitude, and resignation, amongst the lowest of mankind. Where I had expected folly, I found wisdom; and the exertions of good sense, where I should have looked only for ignorance. In how many noble attributes of man, did I find myself inferior to numbers, with whom,  
some



some months before, I should have scorned comparison.

I experienced in the factory also, if we may compare small things with great, something of that kind of disgrace which attends unsuccessful generals; and this disposed me to accept the offer of a lieutenancy under colonel Clive; for, in the present state of things, soldiers were more wanted than clerks. The grand object was the humiliation of the Nabob of Bengal, upon whom all vowed revenge for the black catastrophe of Calcutta. Chander-nagore was taken, and many gallant things performed before we arrived at the finishing of the contest.

At last the nabob himself met us near Muxadavad, with an army of twenty to one. On our side we had courage, military discipline; and what was superior to both — the treachery of the nabob's superior officers. We obtained a victory, great in its consequences, but laughable in the act; and but that most of the run-aways were on foot, it might have been called, like that of Guinegaste, the battle of the spurs.

We marched immediately to Muxadavad, to make a new Nabob; and, to say truth, sold him his dignity at a fair



round price. Parties were sent out all over the country, to bring in the discomfited nabob dead or alive. I had the honour, on this occasion, to command a party of forty horse, but had the good fortune to miss him. I call it so on two accounts; first, because I am not fond of murder in the dark; and secondly, I met with an adventure, which, in its consequences, gave me more pleasure, than killing an hundred kings.

We had rose two hours before day-light to pursue our search with the cool of the morning, the moon being near the full. We had left the great road to Delhi, and followed an obscure path into a close recess, where we perceived a house that seemed built in order to be hid.

All was silent about it. As it was a proper place for our search, we were going to invest it, when two men came out from a door, loaded, and staggering under their burthens. We followed them to some distance, and there, by threats of immediate death, forced them to the following confession. They were a part of twelve sea-poys of the defeated army, who, in their flight from place to place, had stumbled upon this house the preceding evening; which, about midnight, they



they had determined to rob. That as they were nearly famished, their first care was of their bellies, and that they had spent two or three hours in eating and drinking before they had begun to plunder. That they believed there had been murder done, from the groans and shrieks they had heard. For their part, they had met with nothing but a large quantity of plate, which they were carrying to the rendezvous where they were to wait for their companions.

On this intelligence I appointed half my troop to surround the house, the rest to search the inside. We groped some time in the dark, stumbling over furniture scattered all about; and, by-and-by, over two dead bodies. At length we came to a room where we found six seapoys with light enough; horribly drunk, and as we thought quarrelling with one another. These secured, we separated with different lights. I ascended the stairs, and was soon directed by a groan to a bedchamber, where I found an old man bound in bed, and gagged.

His terrified aspect shewed he expected death. Liberty and gentle treatment at length convinced him we were not what he took us for. With wild exclamations he called out upon his daughter.



Explanation was unnecessary, I flew to seek her. Guess the horror that struck me when I found two of the villains in the act of violation. My rage knew no bounds. I punished them with instant death, and threw their bodies out of the apartment. Two women, with hair dishevelled, their night cloaths torn to tatters, lay, to all appearance, dead on the floor. I lifted their breathless bodies upon the bed, and covered them up. Pierced to the heart, and unable to face the afflicted father, I rambled about to explore new horrors. A shriek from the upper apartments struck me. I hurried up and found the two remaining villains endeavouring to pull out by the legs, two black women, who had thrust themselves up into a corner behind some old furniture. I run my sword through the bodies of the villains, and should have slaughtered a hecatomb, for the furies had bereft me of all compassion. Some of my soldiers were natives of the country. I called one of them to assist me in removing the furniture, and to assure the poor creatures, who expected nothing but death, that they were safe. When their fears were alleviated, I led them to the women's apartment below, and pointed to the bodies.

It is impossible to conceive the wild and  
terrible



terrible howlings they made at the sight, nor was the interpreter regarded, though he ordered them to desist, on pain of death. This, as I feared, brought up the father. The scene cannot be described. I would willingly have exchanged it for the front of the enemy's cannon. No entreaties could move the old man from the body of his daughter, which he clasped in his aged arms.

It was now the dawn of day, and sufficiently light to distinguish objects without the help of candles. I was looking with a kind of contemplative stupefaction, upon the image of death, in the face of the other woman, when I perceived a small change of colour. I thought it the error of my eyes. The next indication of returning life, was a short quick sigh; after a few seconds of interval, another and another. I looked upon the other lady, and found the appearances of life still stronger. She had even begun to breathe with some regularity, but the old gentleman was insensible to every thing. We were obliged to use violence to part him from his daughter; I ordered him to be conducted to another apartment, and soothed with moderate hopes. I kept the two women with me, and gave di-



rections to use such means for recovery as at that time occurred. Life soon returned; but it was a work of time to restore them to their perfect senses. When this was accomplished, and the father permitted to see his daughter, a scene succeeded so full of tenderness and sorrow, joy and grief, congratulation and condolance, that no words, of which I am master, can give an adequate idea of.

I left them to the free indulgence of this, and went down to my soldiers, to whom intelligence was just arrived of the taking of the Nabob. We had nothing to do therefore, but return to Muxadavad, and consign our living villains into the hands of justice. I went to communicate this news and this intention to the old man. He threw himself at my feet, and in the most moving terms, conjured me to stay with him a few days, till peace and tranquility were restored to the country, and to his house. The daughter added tears to her entreaties for the same purpose. My dear father, says she, you must see this gentleman's soldiers amply rewarded. Amply, my child, says he, come hither Sir. He then led me to a room where he kept his current money, and his silver in ingots. Take, says he, of this, what-

forever



soever you think proper, and distribute amongst your soldiers. Take all, if you like, I have enough remaining. After some friendly altercation, I convinced him it would be better to dismiss them with a refreshment of wine; and a promise of a donative of twenty pounds sterling a man, to be paid at the factory, lest the knowledge of so much actual wealth in the house, might be an incitement to future plunder.

This concluded, I sent them away well pleased, and gave one of my servants letters to the colonel, with information of this event, and requesting leave for a few days absence. The other servant, my faithful black, I kept along with me.

After the disposal of the dead bodies and regulation of the house, we had time to attend to a more tranquil communication with each other. It was a great pleasure to old Duverda and his daughter that I was an Englishman, and an unpeakable one to me to find them conversant in our language, and prejudiced in favour of our nation.

Even the maid servant, the bedfellow and favourite of Caralia was an English woman. Duverda had been a merchant of great commerce, and much of it with



the English. His story will perhaps make a part of my own.

I perhaps have led you to suppose that the recovery of Caralia and her maid was perfect, but this was not the case. Cara, so her father called her for brevity, had frequent hysteric fits for four days, and her maid, besides many bruises, had a wound with a dagger two inches deep on her right thigh.

The mistress, it seems, had fainted almost at the sight of the villains, and had a succession of swoonings that rendered her almost, though not totally, insensible to her sufferings. The maid more robust resisted as much as she was able, and received, amongst other barbarous usage, the wound I have mentioned. This at first bled profusely, and probably ceased upon her fainting; for upon her recovery it began to bleed afresh; and, indeed, made her life doubtful for near a fortnight.

In proportion as Cara recovered strength and spirits, our little society grew more and more delightful. On the seventh day I received an order from my superior officer to join the corps. A faint sickness seized me on the refusal. Cara observed the change, and turned pale like myself.

Duverda



Duverda saw the alteration in both, and cried out, you love each other, my children, you love each other, and I shall be happy. This exclamation brought Cara to herself, and heightened the beautiful brown of her cheeks. Me, it covered with confusion. May I know, says the old man, the contents of that paper?

Willingly, it is an order for my departure to the army. Cara, my dear, you have not visited your poor maid this morning. Now, Foster, tell me with the openness of a friend, and a man of honour, are your affections engaged?

I know not how to answer you.

I *am* answered. I was mistaken. I beg your pardon. I have only now to consider before your departure, how I can repay the extraordinary service you have done me.

It is rewarded. It is its *own* reward. But I apprehend you misconceive my meaning.

No. It is too plain. I meant to offer you my daughter; her immense fortune is her least recommendation. But I will not give her to a man who cannot say his affections are free.

The man who marries a young lady of delicacy, ought not to be able to say so. Hah?

-I will



I will imitate your frankness, Signior Duverda, and lay myself and situation honestly before you. I am not a soldier by profession. I took arms only, because I thought it for the honour and interest of my country, to take a speedy revenge on your late treacherous and relentless Nabob. I left my country in order to mend my fortune by industry. The little fortune I had made was wrecked at Calcutta. My father is nothing more than a poor priest; myself without inheritance.

These are virtues, Foston, blessings. Riches are true tormentors, true corruptors of man's felicity.

There is not in Asia, that fortune, or dignity, of which your daughter is not worthy. Her person would adorn a palace. Her mind is fit for heaven.

But your affections are engaged?

I never expected they were so, till the receipt of this day's order. Then the cold chilliness that came about my heart, when the idea of leaving —— your daughter, if you will permit me to say so, first arose, convinced me of it.

Engaged to her!—to my daughter, Foston?

If you mean so, repeat it—make me happy by the repetition.

I do repeat it. I feel I adore her.  
But



But how is it possible you should trust the felicity of an angel in the hands of a stranger; of a man you are imperfectly acquainted with?

Not so, not so? I know him well. Six days I have noted the currency of his thoughts; have seen his eye kindled by the imaginary tale of honour; his brow scowling contempt at baseness; his bosom heaving with the story of distress.

Nature, Foston, writes a large and liberal hand; a scrawl to the careless unobserving eye; but easy to be read by those who study it with attention.

Is it not in the power of hypocrisy to counterfeit her characters?

I have seen her attempt it often; seldom without detection. But this is from the point. You must obey your orders, or throw up your commission. You have saved my life, and more than mine, my daughter's. I cannot part with you. Stay with me a year. If any nice considerations, either on your part or that of my daughter, prevent the happiness I wish, I promise you, upon the honour of a gentleman, to make you richer than you can reasonably expect from ten year's slavery.

I could not stand this. I caught his  
hand,



hand, pressed it to my bosom, bowed, and withdrew, to give some vent to the fullness that oppressed me.

When I came back, his head was upon his Cara's bosom, his right hand locked in her's.

Look at that face, Cara, it cannot lie. What is the expression in it?

That of heart-felt gratitude, and resignation to all your wishes, Signior Duverda, if it expresses what I feel.

Then I dare look upon it. It is a manly sun-burnt face, but the heart is gentle. What would'st thou give, Cara, to have that heart thy own?

Purchased hearts, Sir, are of little value.

Beg it then, Cara, or, if thou can'st, steal it. The sin shall be all mine. But delicacy forgive me, Cara, I have been woin'g for thee. I have offered thee unasked.

I am sorry for it, Sir. My fullest gratitude is due to Mr. Foston, as the preserver of *my* life and yours. I could love him dearly as a brother, and freely give him a brother's share in the wealth you design me. Beyond this, Sir, is matter of nice consideration. It will be difficult to reconcile the finer feelings of  
the



the heart to manners and habits, as widely distant as the countries which produce them.

Religion too, Sir. And let it be remembered also, (the sweet sad air with which she spoke this is inexpressible) that though he saved my life, he came too late to save my honour.

Honour! Cara. Is there upon earth a man so absurd, as to associate the idea of dishonour to thy sufferings?

I know not, Sir. In all those English books your goodness has procured for me, I find it is the leading idea. Women who have suffered it, must die, or be immured for ever. Ever after they are totally useless to all the purposes of society. It is the foundation of an hundred fabulous things called novels, which are said to paint exactly the reigning manners and opinions. All crimes but this may be expiated. No author has yet been so bold as to permit a lady to live and marry, and be a woman after this stain.

By heaven, a woman is more dishonoured by a wanton dream. What say you, Foston, is Cara a painter after truth?

We have enthusiasts, Sir, in points of honour



honour as well as in religion. But things like this, which cannot stand the test of reason, seldom take strong hold of the minds of a people. It is to be found in books, Sir; and I hope, for the honour of the human intellect, little of it will be found any where else.

You renounce it, then?

I cannot, Sir, I never entertained it.

Well, Foston, and what say you to Cara's other observations?

That whenever I am so happy as to touch her heart, all other difficulties will vanish.

My dear Nancy, I must rest a while.

The next post shall bring you the continuation.

Adieu. Your affectionate brother,

THOMAS SUTTON.



Mr.



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*Mr. Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth Castle.

**T**HIS conversation, of which I have given you a specimen, just to mark the manner of it, would, probably, have been much longer, but for the old man's impatience to have my servant sent back with the resignation of my commission. I wrote a copious account to the colonel, who was so kind as to approve my proceedings, and to promise his friendship on any occasion that called for it.

There was, in the garden, a fine orange grove, which formed a pleasing recess from the sun's heat. Cara had caused a beautiful pavilion to be constructed there, which was overlooked by the surrounding trees, just so as to admit the mild light of the sun without its glare. In this pavilion we were drinking coffee in the afternoon after the English manner, when the impatient Duverda renewed the conversation thus :

Cara,



Cara, this morning, this inauspicious morning, I broke through all the artificial delicacy of a fine lady, in offering thee to this gentleman, unasked; let me now make amends for this indecorum by inversion; let me offer him to thee.

I thank you, Sir, I dare not accept him. Why? He is not yet acquainted with my faults.

A capital article, Cara. But a husband is the only animal for finding them out.

And for magnifying them too, Sir. The risques which Mr. Foston must run in marrying me, are too great for a man of prudence. He has against him education, and the habitudes of a country, the manners and opinions of which differ widely from his own.

He is yet unacquainted with the tenor of life and character of the family into which he is going to enter. How might he be shocked to find he had entered into so near and dear an alliance with people who professed to be of no religious community upon earth.

Good God! exclaimed I, unvoluntarily.

There, Sir! says she.

True, Cara; thou art perfectly right. After all, he may not deserve thee. Foston, you shall hear the leading particulars.



culars of my life. It is necessary you should know whether I have obtained my wealth with the loss of my integrity. It is necessary you should know, whether, having nothing that the world calls religion, I may not be destitute of moral honour also. It is necessary you should know, whether it is owing to vice, to virtue, or caprice, that I live secluded from my fellow-citizens; and keep my daughter from an acquaintance with that world she is so formed to adorn. In your judgement of these things, I ask not candour of you, but sincerity. That is the virtue that must save us from after regrets.

I am a Persian, a native of Ispahan. My father was the only child of a rich merchant there, one of the court jewellers. Like other rich Mahometans, he had too many wives and mistresses to have a numerous offspring. Myself and two brothers were all I ever heard of. At the age of twenty I was sent to make my first mercantile essay, with a caravan to Delhi. Almost the first news I heard on my arrival there, was the successful invasion of Persia, by Shaw Nadir. The destruction of the Sophi followed soon. My father and his family had the misfortune to be amongst the number of his most active adherents; and,



and, in consequence, were cut off root and branch, and all their effects confiscated.

When the news of this fatal catastrophe was confirmed to me, I had nothing to do but resign myself to the will of the great Allah, and his prophet, renounce Persia for ever, and make the most of my caravan.

By great good fortune I had with me one Cadoub, my father's oldest clerk; a man of great mercantile knowledge, and confirmed probity. We had scarce begun the sale of our goods, when news arrived that Kouli-Kan was preparing for the invasion of Indostan.

This spoiled our market, and determined us to move towards Bengal. Having stopt in several cities, at length we reached Muxadavad, and found there a profitable as well as speedy sale of our effects.

This large and populous city has many attractions for merchants, of which it contains numbers whose private wealth exceeds belief. I fixed my residence there, and giving my honest Cadoub a fourth of the profits, instead of wages, we commenced merchants to the extent of our capital.

I took



I took upon myself the active office of the voyager, and had peculiar pleasure in visiting all the European factories. I have been much at Batavia; a little at Goa, whose inquisition I abhor; was well pleased amongst the French; and captivated by the English. Every where I found individuals of great merit; but sense, knowledge and virtue appeared more conspicuously to belong to the people of your nation. I have cultivated your language, and studied your history and your laws. All over the East, despotism governs, with its attendant satraps, lust and violence.

Never will the mind of my Cara find its mate amongst the sons of slavery or rapine.

The death of Cadoub obliged me to give up the pleasure of visiting distant countries, and confine myself to Muxadavad, where I soon began to relish, like other rich and vain young men, the splendors and pleasures of a populous city. Happy, if I had confined myself to these, and had never felt the pitiful ambition of shining within the sphere of a court; the fountain of corruption, whence issue rapacity, venality, fraud, despotism, and slavery. Good heavens! Of how many abominable scenes of dissimulation and perfidy have I been

an



an unwilling spectator! Of what vile materials can the human mind be composed, to be inflated with pride, or tinged with all possible infamy, by the allurements of a feather or a ribbon. If the desire of superiority, whether in power, in wealth, in titles, tinsel, and parade, was not a radical malady in the mind of man; the experience of past ages must have convinced him how ill it is to exchange tranquility and virtue, for all the toys and trifles in the power of a court to give. Whilst suplicants to royal pageantry, like untaught savages, bend the knee for beads and bawbles, the service will be similar to the reward.

Happily the points of honour amongst merchants, are integrity and good faith; and the habit of preserving these, saved me from that worst of poisons, a corrupted heart. An hundred times sick of pomp and perfidy, I have determined to withdraw; but the united powers of ambition and avarice were too strong. The opposition of still more powerful passions was necessary.

In this situation I remained till the age of forty-five; having formed no attachments with women, except those transient ones, arising from appetite; nor friendships with men (one excepted) save what  
arose



arose from interest. This exception was a Moses Cotrà, an Armenian Jew, a man of agreeable manners and sound probity. He, as well as myself, had grown rich by loans to courtiers, and by the profitable monopolies arising from such connections. Cotrà had been some years a widower, and the interest of two daughters prevented a second marriage.

In the bosom of this family alone, I was accustomed to repose all my cares. This confidence was mutual, and not in the least interrupted by difference of religion, though the principal foible that distinguished the Jew, was what I thought, a blind attachment to the ceremonious rites of his ancestors. A man who has seen the world, has seen these weaknesses every where; but considers them as blemishes of no importance in a bosom full of true benevolence.

This was our situation, when one day, in the morning, a hasty messenger brought me a billet from Ruth, the eldest daughter. I had spent the preceding evening full of mirth and good humour at my friend's house. Judge then of my astonishment on reading the contents of the billet. "The Nabob's officers have seized my father, and hurried him away



to the palace. Pray hasten to his and our relief."

I flew to the house, and found other officers sealing up the effects; his books and private papers had been seized, and conveyed along with himself. I hastened to the palace, where I thought my interest considerable. I desired to see my friend. No, he was accused of treason, and all access to him denied. Of treason!

I had known Cotrà and his most intimate concerns so long, that I was convinced of the futility of the charge. But I knew also the dark, vindictive spirit of the court, and its slender regard to justice, when a rich subject was marked out, the victim of malignity and avarice. I made immediate application, therefore, to several of the first lords of the court, and urged the innocence of my friend, from my certain knowledge of all the important particulars of his life. One of them surlily advised me not to boast of this. I got nothing more satisfactory from the rest. They told me, indeed, a privy council was to be held that evening, and the proofs of his guilt exhibited; I need not in the least doubt but justice, equity and honour, would preside at the board. The statues of some of these were indeed on the outside the council



cil chamber; but their influence was as cold as their composition.

I returned to Ruth and Rebecca, with whom I spent some very disconsolate hours; till our minds, weary with wretchedness, turned the other side of the tablet, and drew themselves a picture of consolation.

Happy versatility! The next day's portrait was as hideous as human nature could furnish. The lords to whom I had applied the preceding day, had the goodness to assure me, in the politest terms, that my friend had died the death of a traitor, his guilt being indisputable. As a proof, they shewed me the following letter in Cotrà's hand writing:

"Your interest, and the cause you speak of, are both so much at my heart, that I leave my affairs here, involved as they are, to fly to your assistance, and be assured you will find my interest strong against your opponents. As to what you say concerning Abufed, and his master Cajare Cuhda, you have nothing to fear from them, the moment I appear as your friend. The Rajah has already very powerful obligations to me, and, in fine, is at this instant about a matter of great importance to himself, in which he cannot succeed without my assistance.



I inclose you a bill of exchange for three hundred rupees to support your suit, and remain, star of my heart,

Surate, Your adoring  
26th of the month Rajab, MOSES COTRA."  
in the year of the Hegira, 1118.

Now it seems, in less than a year after the date of this letter, the Rajah Cajare Cuhda, (part of whose lands, lying in a remote province of Bengal, had been wrested from him on various pretensions by the Nabob,) after two years unsuccessful negotiation for their restitution, had openly rebelled; and by the help of a Muratto alliance, had, at one time, become formidable. Upon a defeat of part of his troops, these friends not only deserted his alliance, but seized and delivered his person into the Nabob's hands, who ended the rebellion by the bow string, with true Asiatic celerity.

About the time of the date of this letter also, money lent to the Rajah appeared on the debtor side Cotrà's books. On which proofs the council, on their rising, signed an order for his immediate execution, and another for the confiscation of his effects. A proclamation was issued, that the proofs were clear and strong against him, but improper to be



be laid before the public at that period; the state still smarting under the wounds given it, by the rebellion in which he was an accomplice. Lastly, and to compleat the business in its usual forms, his house was razed to the ground, and salt sown upon the foundation.

The daughters of my friend, thus stript of every thing valuable in life, I took home to my own house. We lived long in all the luxury of woe; and the tender communication endeared us to each other, beyond the common ties of friendship or of love.

I had long been disgusted with the court. I now became so with the world at large; but my business with both was too great to permit me to quit either in haste. To this end I now began to apply all my faculties. I had lost my ambition, and to accumulate wealth, seemed to be heaping coals of fire upon my head. My present policy, therefore, lay in contracting my concerns, and diminishing the appearance of my riches.

Whilst I was intent upon this, one Saib, a secretary to the principal secretary of the Nabob, an officer of great power, applied to me for the loan of one thousand rupees, to fix the esta-



blissment of his son. I complied without hesitation, requiring neither interest nor security. The man had gratitude; he cultivated my friendship with assiduity, and gave me many little intelligencies, which facilitated my endeavours for calling in my court loans.

We spent one evening together at a tavern, where, in return for his kindnesses, I tore to pieces his note for the thousand rupees. In fact, we had sacrificed plentifully to the god of wine, and became, in consequence, wonderfully loving. Betwixt the effusions of mirth and this new-acquired affection, many detestable court secrets escaped him; amongst others, a hint that my friend Cotrà had fallen a sacrifice to the diabolical vengeance of his (Saib's) master.

This hint operated upon me like sickness; I grew instantly sober, and though of no apparent use, my curiosity was excited to know the bottom of that dark affair. I plied Saib with wine and kindness, till he had lost all reserve, and even all necessary caution for himself. The sum of what he told me concerning my friend, was this.

Saib's master had applied to Cotrà for the loan of a large sum, for government uses.



uses. Cotrà refused on pretence of inability; in reality, he doubted the security.

The secretary offered an increase of interest. This served only to double Cotrà's suspicions, and make him firm in his refusal.

The disappointed secretary vented his rage in very angry and threatening expressions before his domestics. One of these, a young gentoo Indian, was at this very time a favoured lover of a mistress of Cotrà's, whom he had long supported at considerable expence, and whom he was very fond of. At the time of Cotrà's absence at Surat, this young man was the adviser in a law suit she had for lands in the territories of the Rajah Cajare Cuhda, and the confident of her correspondence with Cotrà.

The commotion raised by Cuhda had been quelled almost three years, and every thing relative to it seemed buried in oblivion; when, on occasion of the minister's anger, the letter before mentioned occurred to the memory of this young man, who thought it might be used to intimidate Cotrà into a compliance with his master's demand.



Nature has endued a greater number of little minds with cunning, than of great with magnanimity. In the softest hour of blandishment, he accused her of a want of affection, calling her's poor and cold, compared with his own. But how should it be otherwise, says he, you have my heart whole and undivided, whilst I only share your's with another.

My affection for you, replies she, arises from a soft and forcible impulse of nature, which I can neither restrain nor controul. For Cotrà I feel the greatest esteem and respect, such as the many obligations I have to him demand.

A good distinction, returns the young man, well suited to his age and gravity, and to the mercantile eloquence with which his letters to you were composed.

Oh! as to eloquence, says she, your *billets doux*, in spite of your vanity, were much inferior.

It will be difficult to bring my vanity down to the belief of that.

See then, says she, taking out of a drawer, two or three of those letters wrote by Cotrà from Surat; see, says she; not one



one of these but brought me substantial bills of exchange. Your's, nothing on earth but whines and pines, and hearts and darts.

'Tis true, says the young man, there is no standing out against such solid eloquence. But pray what engagement was this he mentions with the Rajah?

I don't know, says she, some money matter, I suppose.

You know, says he, what followed on the part of the Rajah soon after the date of this? There is great cause, from this letter, to suspect Cotrà to have been an accomplice in the rebellion.

Not in the least, says she; I dare say they never had transactions together, but for loans.

Even that is treasonable, at such a time.

What! is the lender of money obliged to know the use the borrower means to put it to?

No man is allowed to lend to the enemies of the state.

No, not when they are known. But that is not the case here.

How do we know that? However, as an officer of the Nabob, it is my duty to enquire into all suspicious cir-



cumstances. This letter I must keep to forward my enquiry.

May the earth open and swallow you up, if you are guilty of this atrocious treachery.

When I fling half a lack of rupees into the lap of my morning star, she will wish the other way.

This altercation, says Saib, was told me in confidence, by the young gentoo, who boasted of it as a master piece; because, in the end, he brought her over to his wishes.

In consequence of this letter's being delivered to the minister, Cotrà was seized and brought to trial, on which nothing appeared against him but this letter, and his account with the Rajah.

He was interrogated concerning the matter of importance which the Rajah could not execute without his assistance. Cotrà explained it thus:

It is well known to many of the council here present, that the Rajah had a long negotiation with this court concerning his territory of Sulva, sometimes circumstances of hope arose, sometimes of doubt. I had often been his creditor for small sums; he applied to me at this critical instant for a large one, which I  
have



have the greatest reason to believe, was designed for presents to some of the officers of the court. He offered me high interest; and my avarice got the better of my prudence. I have the securities now in my possession; which, though useless for the recovery of the loan, will be a sufficient proof of what I now advance. Why the Rajah did not succeed is well known to many of the lords here present. He retired to his lands, and soon after rebelled. From that hour I neither saw nor heard of him more, but by the public accounts.

It was owing, continued Saib, to a total want of proof, that Cotrà's execution immediately followed the ruling of the council. Had there been real proof, his trial and punishment would have both been public.

I know too, says he, the exact proportion in which they all agreed to share the spoil; but mum for that. The gentoo, I promise you, had the least share. But what will you say, when I tell you, that the minister had it in contemplation to have accused you, you yourself, Signior Duverda, on account of your known intimacy, as an accomplice with Cotrà.

Impossible!

L 6

Nothing



Nothing more true, however; but he laid it aside from the mere want of intrepidity. I will not answer though, that he never recogitates this business, especially as you have taken Cotrà's daughters into your protection. But never fear; I am your friend.

From the heads of this drunken effusion which I have now given you, Mr. Foston, judge what must have been the sober reflections of the succeeding morning. Passion knows no bounds. The hatred I felt for courts and courtiers extended to mankind. I began in earnest to detest the species, all but my two Jewesses, whom I loved in the same proportion. I lived, however, in the utmost terror whilst that Nabob reigned, and that minister ruled the helm. Happily it was of short duration. Revolutions are things of such frequency here, that they astonish nobody. The minister was put to death with many others, Saib amongst the rest. I lost money by the change, but gained tranquillity.

The very house you are now in belonged to Saib's master, that infernal minister who cogitated my destruction.

I bought it, and removed here with Cotrà's daughters, those good and grateful  
ful



ful creatures, who would have died for me, or any thing, but omit the passover. They were addicted beyond measure to their superstitions; I was cured of mine. But well knowing the influence these things have upon human minds, I never opposed or thwarted their enthusiasm, save by a kind and good humoured railery. According to their own rites, and by their own desire, I took Ruth for my wife, and Rebecca for my handmaid. Every year they killed the pascal lamb. Seven days of the year, they eat unleavened bread. The meat offering, and the peace offering, were ever before my eyes; and though never had women more unblemished hearts, the sin offering of ignorance, and the trespass offering, passed with great frequency to the priests of the synagogue at Muxadavad.

The mere ceremonial rites of every religion, I had before learned amongst you English, to think of very little account.

The perpetual view of these absurdities engrafted in my mind a strong contempt.

Thus I came at length to bound my own religion, within the narrow (though to me all comprehensive) bounds of the silent meditation of a contrite heart, lifting



ing up its humble aspirations to the author and preserver of all being, by what name soever called throughout the universe.

All the rest appears to me invention, or convention ; sometimes useful, sometimes detrimental to mankind. I speak not of moral duties, they are of another class.

My loving wives each brought me children, of whom Cara alone survived ; and both of them had paid the debt to nature before this girl had reached twelve years old. The loss was severely felt by us both ; but something less, I confess, by me, on my daughter's account ; it being their desire to imbue her with a love of their superstitions ; mine, to keep her totally free from all. This I have effected.

To me she appears to possess the only true religion. I can pardon the influence of education, if she seems to you to have none at all. As to my temporal concerns they stand thus. I have so far declined the business of a merchant, that I have not a bale of goods in the world. But there are few large emporiums either in the East or West, in which I have not considerable sums lodged in the hands of capital merchants. The real  
design



design of this was to get the principal part of my wealth out of the reach of the powerful and avaricious leeches of my own country. But in order to render it of some use, and to keep the debts duly acknowledged, by the single aid of the pen only, and that of my daughter's, I pass it perpetually from hand to hand, whenever the different pars of exchange will allow a moderate gain upon the transfer. Thus I still keep up a commerce with most of the known parts of the world, whilst in this country I am almost forgot. In this safe, though scattered state, I possess upwards of an hundred thousand pounds; besides which, I have loans here still unrecovered, to the amount of sixty more.

It is true, many of these are irrecoverable without the hand of power.

You have now before you, continues Duverda, every thing necessary to enable you to judge of the eligibility of an alliance with me—supposing you to gain my daughter's affection. If you do not succeed in this, or decline the attempt, you must grant me your company as long as agreeable; and I must, for the benefit of our lives preserved, insist upon your acceptance of ten thousand pounds. Let



Let it be twenty, my dear Sir, interrupted Cara, it cannot be better bestowed:

Bidding for his heart, Cara?

No, Sir; only endeavouring, as much as possible, to prevent the idea of your wealth from byassing his judgement, or corrupting his integrity. I want to see his mind totally divested of simulation or dissimulation.

By heaven! interrupted I, and so you shall.

Well, children, says old Duverda, one word more and I have done. If you should be able to unite your affections, which I confess is the first wish of my heart, let me not again be a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Indulge my age, by staying to close my eyes in this sequestered spot; then carry my Cara to your own country, and shew her the blessings of freedom; and may heaven reward you according to your treatment of my child, when she looks up to you alone for protection; when she confides in you for every earthly consolation.

It would be tedious to relate to you the progress of my courtship; never was time more sweetly spent. In a few months I had the happiness to vanquish all  
the



the fears and all the scruples of my gentle Cara, and to convince her she ran no risque of misery from a weak and bigotted mind. We were united according to the English rites; and with his daughter, Duverda gave me possession of all his effects in all the formalities of the Hindostan law. Circular letters were sent to notify this to all foreign correspondents. No difficulties arose from any of these.

But it appeared by the litigations I was soon involved in, that none but an English son-in-law could have recovered a fourth of the debts due from the courtiers.

It would not have been very absurd, notwithstanding the warm and tender ideas of lovers, to expect some little matters of contest might arise betwixt my wife and me, considering the difference of our education and habits. But for mildness and evenness of temper, for justness of reasoning, and depth of understanding, my Cara was a prodigy. To her excellent disposition, it was owing, that nothing like a quarrel ever subsisted between us. In spite of my better reflections I was still subject to little violences of temper, when my opinions were contradicted. In  
order



order to cure me of these, Cara engaged me in a thousand little agreeable arguments, concerning the origin of ideas, and their association; she taught me to consider how opinions were formed; how little share man himself could claim in the formation; and how unjust it was to attach the idea of turpitude, to speculative notions, created or changed according to the disposition of external objects, and the sport of a thousand accidents. By these sweet means, she brought me to look upon a man's habits of thinking and acting, where the one does not necessarily lead or follow the other, as two distinct beings; one altogether worthy of my esteem, although I might judge the other involved in a labyrinth of error.

In short, during the whole of our ten years co-existence, I enjoyed as much of human felicity as the nature of man will permit. She was an angel; she left the earth as angels should. She fell by heaven's own fire. In some moments of cool reflection I am able to thank heaven for it; in others, of which this is one, it overwhelms me with sadness and horror. I cannot relate it. Julia, my love, I will attend you a few minutes to your dressing



dressiug room. Excuse me, my dearest friends; this is the last time I will sadden your hearts with sorrows you have no right to share.

He led out his weeping Julia. Every soul of us, man and woman, caught the contagion. Harriet and Laura were encircling each other, and sobbing in one corner; Miss Melton and the lively Mrs. Tyrrell in another. The stouter men made shift to catch up their hats, and bear their brimfull braveries out of sight; for it is the fashion, I find, for heroic men to be ashamed of tender emotions.

The rest of Mr. Foston's story, my Nancy, except his travels, with which he often entertains and enlivens us, may be comprized in few words. Old Duverda died a year before his daughter. Soon after her death, Mr. Foston took an opportunity to put his only surviving child, Julia, under the care of a respectable French family of Boulogne; with a request that her peculiar residence might be the English convent there, but under their inspection. With this family she often resided two months at a time, whence it happens that her manners are more easy and engaging, than those of the generality of boarding school misses.

It



It is now twelve years since the death of Mrs. Foston, the greatest part of which he has spent in travelling. His large fortune is now nearly collected and established in the English, Dutch, and Venetian banks, so that to enjoy himself, and establish his daughter, is almost all he has to do. He will *do the more* for it, Nancy. His active mind, and benevolent heart, are formed for each other, and for the benefit of society. Dear Nancy, adieu.

Thy affectionate brother,

THOMAS SUTTON.

*Miss Sutton to her Brother.*

London.

WHAT thanks do I not owe my dear and generous brother, for all his kindness! How grateful am I to heaven, which has raised him friends resembling its own inhabitants! Much do I long to become a denizen of Henneth Castle;



Castle; to reverence Mr. Foston, and love his Julia. This happiness I hope to have in a month, as lady Morell's stay here will be no longer. To say truth, I care not how short the visit is; a certain insipidity, a nothingness, in lady Morell's character, after the portraits you have drawn, and the descriptions you have given, makes it uncommonly tedious. The season of the year too, renders London unpleasant, and the dearth of *beau monde*, and want of public diversions, makes my lady splenetic; at which time she is only too apt to remember who I am.

But what will you say to an insidious sister, who has once or twice taken it into her head, to plot herself into the same place of an uncle's affection your worship once held, until you was pleased to resign, as they say at court. Say what you will, but so it is.

Here, says I, on the one side is a gouty old uncle, churlish, peevish, vain of his wealth, and wonderfully fond of submission, possibly of adulation, from the folks about him. On the other hand, is his hopeful heir, full of high notions of honour, and dignity, and independance; in short, too proud of heart, to pay the drafts said uncle drew upon him.

Now



Now here am I, bred up in lowliness, and trained to humility; rich therefore in the stores my dear uncle is so craving of; poor in those he has too much of; and as willing to ease him of a troublesome superfluity, as mortal woman can be.

The day after my arrival, I wrote him, by the penny post, a very humble billet, requesting leave to pay my respects to him on the morrow. He could not deny me, you know; ——— for I sent him no address. Lady Morell's chariot conveyed me to the door, and Mrs. Betty, in a very prim and stately manner, ushered me into the parlour, where sat my loving uncle, in his chair of state, his legs wrapt in flannels.

It was my business to suppose he would be monstrous glad to see me, and that he was unable to shew it after the usual manner. I ran and kissed him, like a loving niece as I was. My ardour seemed to Mrs. Betty, rather too impetuous; she begged I would take care, for her master could scarce bear touching. I know not whether my kind uncle had yet opened his lips, but he looked as if he wanted to say something cross, and could not find in his heart. I took the liberty to sit down



down by him; Mrs. Betty did the same. I made kind enquiries after his health. Mrs. Betty answered. I began an unmeaning chat about the vast greatness of the city of London. Mrs. Betty allowed that it was vastly big and fine, but that too much talking made her master's head ach. Mine aches a little too, says I, and I shall be much obliged to you, Mrs. Betty, for a dish of coffee. She rung the bell. A footman entered. James, says she, bring in the coffee. I saw by this, she was determined not to leave us. I took my coffee in silence, and as I sipped, the mortifying scene of my uncle's unkindness, and his servant's impertinence, sunk my spirits so much that I could not help bursting into tears. In this soft mood I took my uncle's hand, and kissing it, asked, with a trembling voice, how I had offended him to merit so unkind a reception.

I thought he appeared softened. I suppose, says he, you come to plague me about your brother.

I have no intention to give you a moment's pain of any kind, Sir; I am sorry my brother has forfeited your favour; but I came hither to pay my duty to you without his commission and without his knowledge.

That



That may be, niece, or it may not be. Howsoever, you know when your mother died, I offered you to come and keep my house, and you refused, and chose to live with that cross-grained bitch your godmother, so I owe you no thanks.

I thank my dear uncle for that kind offer, though I suppose my youth at the time has made me lose all remembrance of it; and I hope he will impute it to that, and perhaps to bad advice, that I ever deserved his disapprobation.

Bad advice! ay, mayhap that was given by your brother, for he never asked me to let you come hither in all his life, an ungrateful dog! But let him follow his own foolish ways; he'll be punished enough, I warrant him. What, is he gone off? Is he aboard ship? He sent a damned fine fellow with a gold laced waistcoat here to affront me; his name was Ch—Ch— Cheslyn; one of his fine pot companions; he said he was a gentleman; a rascal; his name is in the Gazette, niece; I did not know it then; wish I had.

When my uncle talks, I find, he talks very thick, and fluently; and indeed I think it was a full quarter of an hour, before



before he concluded a rhapsody, all in the stile of the above. In short, he abused you so much and so virulently, that I am certain he must have been very fond of you; perhaps, he is so still; perhaps his conscience reproaches him, and he endeavours to frighten it away with big words; perhaps Mrs. Betty practises upon him. Her behaviour, for a servant, is quite astonishing.

When my uncle had done, this good creature took up the subject, and bandied you about through all the moralities, till not a glympse of my brother remained.

To all these fine sayings I made no other answer, but that I was sorry, exceeding sorry. 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful. And then I joined the pious Mrs. Betty, in a long declamation against the vices and follies of the age.

And I write you this, as if I was applauding myself for my hypocrisy. Can this detestable quality ever deserve applause?

After half an hour's conversation more, such as it was, I had the satisfaction to find something less forbidding in my uncle's features; and Mrs. Betty's carbuncles, (does the woman drink, brother?) of a less sanguine hue. I rose to take my leave, and was surprized to



hear these sugared words ; niece, I hope you will make your next visit something longer, fall from the lips of my honoured uncle.

To be sure I made a most gracious reply, and departed. So for the present, my dear brother,

Adieu,

ANN SUTTON.

*Mr. Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth.

**I**T is plain, my dear Nancy, that the old gentleman, at parting, had formed some resolution in thy favour. I will venture to predict it. Thy tender uncle, at the end of thy next visit, which I suppose will be final, will give thee a fond paternal kiss, bid thee be a good girl, that God may bless thee, and crown this overflow of affection with a spick and span new king George's guinea. Then farewell, Nuncle.

Thou



Thou dependest upon thy witchcraft, Ann, but it will never reach a heart made out of a rugged rock, and guarded by a hag.

I think, Nancy, in a former letter, you spoke of the little god of flames and darts, as if you defied his power, unless he came in the shape of an elderly gentleman, bearing in his hand, a ——— settlement.

We here have no such defensive armour. The mad deity throws his burning flashes across and athwart, and singes us all, like pigs. Struck with this electric fire, the lofty mind of the son and heir of Sir Richard Stanley, descends from the high contemplation of his illustrious ancestry, to look down upon the dirt of Henneth; in favour of which, he seems willing to overlook Julia's want of a genealogical tree, though with visible compunction. He is a gentleman of infinite heraldry; and, like other learned folk, ill brooks a censure or a sarcasm on this his favourite science.

Once upon a time, having astonished the company with the magnificence of his conceptions, "What a pity it is, papa," says Miss Foston, "we of the *canaille* cannot, a single instant of our lives, taste



this sublime, this ravishing sensation, bestowed upon these favourites of fortune. If your India bonds could buy me a coronet, papa, I should still sigh, and be no countess at my heart," for want of that incommunicable something, which high blood alone can bestow.

But it will be communicated to your posterity, Julia, says Mr. Foston. In how many generations, Mr. Stanley? says she.

Would you believe it, the personage, instead of answering this simple question caught up his hat, adorned with the *button d'or*, bearing his armorial crest, crowned his lofty capital, and stalked forth of the room. The matter made some further disturbance, which it may fall in my way to speak of hereafter.

We must do Mr. Stanley the justice to confess that he does not carry on his approaches in secrecy. He vents the overflowings of his fond heart in public, and is as ready to pour out the overflowings of his gall also, if the charmer charm not according to his own desire.

Julia's eyes, Nancy, are black, not blue. They have pierced deep into the breast of Mr. John Cheslyn, who, being an untitled gentleman, has the modesty to suppose that Miss Foston's fortune,  
and



and excellencies combined, may be above his merit. Reserve to his brother and myself he has long laid aside; but to the mistress of his affections, unless accident discover it, he will keep his love a secret for ever.

Miss Melton is still pining with grief for the loss of her father, who was swallowed up by the waves with his vessel and all his effects, in consequence of his engagement with Captain Suthall.

Mr. Melton, it seems, had taken an active part in our ever-memorable quarrel with the Colonies, at first, when the troubles broke out; but, having lost his two sons at Bunker's Hill, and thinking himself not well used by some of his own party, he determined to leave the country and seek an asylum in France.

He was actually on his way to Nantes, and within twelve hours sail of Brest, when he met Captain Suthall on a cruize.

The fight was long and stubborn; at length the American vessel struck, and was boarded by the English. It was now near dark, and they had not been many minutes in possession, before a cry arose, that the ship was sinking. The English, who came in their long boat, hurried back in it to their vessel; and, from a prin-



ciple of gallantry and humanity combined, took Miss Melton with them. As many American sailors and officers crowded in also, as the English durst admit, amongst whom Miss Melton doubted not was her father. Think of her distress, Nancy, when the mistake was discovered! Could ruin be more compleat? The barbarous use that Suthall made of this victory, you know and detest, and of course, bless the spirit and virtue by which she was released.

It is evident this young lady has a soul, melted with tenderness and gratitude for her deliverer, independent of whom, she seems not to possess one earthly comfort; and this is repaid by an affection as sincere and ardent on his part. But still she repines for her father; and to this grief, adds a stubborn delicacy of sentiment, that refuses to carry ill fate and calamity into the bosom of the man she loves.

Nancy, thou hast seen a candle! And a beautiful little moth fluttering about it, till it has scorched its wings? If the rash animal ventures another circle, he gets his heart burnt to a cinder.

Just such a silly moth is thy brother. The flame is kindled by the laughing dimples of the fair Euphrosyne, under the



the form and figure of Miss Laura Stanley, the most enchanting, satirical, arch, mirth-diffusing girl, that nature ever formed, whose sportful lash I have very often the honour to feel. Her brother and sister feel it also on the score of family pride, but are not so thankful for it as I am.

Insolent plebeian! says she, one day, when I had been endeavouring to persuade her, I wanted only wealth to make just the sort of gentle husband she ought to chuse; thou wantest wisdom also. Know, that we people of a certain rank, ought to keep ourselves to ourselves; and not puddle ourselves with the clay and dirt of manufactures, or descend towards the lesser gentilities. This was one of the wise precepts of our grandmother, Harriet? was it not?

It was, sister, replies Miss Harriet with a fine quality toss; and, notwithstanding your scorn, a precept that the good of society requires to be duly observed.

A very just observation, says Miss Foston; I will take care not to counteract the good of society.

Harriet perceived the lapse, and blushed.

Nor will I, says Mr. John Cheslyn, degrade a long train of family honours, by any aspiring presumption of mine.



The lilly drove away the rose. Alas,  
poor Harriet! I am this instant called  
upon to take a morning's ride through  
the environs. Dear Nancy, farewell,

Thy affectionate,

T. SUTTON.

*Miss Sutton to her Brother.*

London.

**T**HANK you, my dear brother, for  
the little history of your loves.  
Women like to know how the play goes  
on, whether they act a part in the drama,  
or no. My *persona* is, at present, of a dif-  
ferent kind; and, what will astonish you,  
performing under the very roof of our  
uncle.

I had, indeed, an inclination to live a  
fortnight with him *en famille*, in order to  
get rid of a very disagreeable visit I must  
otherwise have made with Lady Morell;  
but never durst promise myself the least  
success.

When



When I paid him my respects the second time, I found an odd sort of a reception, which could not properly be called kindness, and yet was something more than the imitation of it. Mrs. Betty was abundantly simpering and courteous. I took advantage of these halcyon moments to insinuate lady Morell's intended visit, and the dislike I had to it. This overture produced nothing. I ventured to wish I had a female friend in London, who would receive me for so short a time. Nothing. I lamented the ill state of my uncle's health, which would render a visit of that time disagreeable to him, or else I should be very happy to be under his protection. If I had a wife now, niece, says he.

I wish you had with all my heart, says I, Sir, provided she was such an one as would make your life more comfortable and happy.

Mrs. Betty bridled and simpered again. I think, Sir, says she, as miss is so desirous of coming here for a fortnight ----.

Well, well, says my uncle, with all my heart; but hast any lovers prancing after thee, Nancy? No indeed, Sir, nor any chance, nor any desire of any.

It would be the mere empty prattle of a



woman, brother, to write you all the unmeaning things that were said before the final establishment of this convention; but it was agreed I should come to his house, when lady Morell left town. This happened three days after, and I have been here almost a week. I cannot complain of my own treatment, but they try me to the extent of my patience, by their illiberal railings against my brother, which are so evidently malicious, and ill agreeing, that I suspected they were the result of something more than common malevolence. This, something more, my dear brother, was yesterday communicated to me, and would, indeed, have been a heavy stroke of fortune, if the kindness and generosity of your friends at Henneth, did not alleviate its weight.

After some hesitation and preamble, my uncle yesterday opened his heart to me; and who should I find there, contracting and dilating it at her pleasure, but Mrs. Betty herself. Our aunt that is to be, and please you.

In the preface to this grand disclosure, my uncle politely informed me, that seeing how all his substance came by himself, his relations had no right to it; for what a man gets, a man may give, you know.



know. To be sure, when a fortune has been a long time in a family, it is hard for it to go out; but, if it never has been in, why nobody has no right to complain.

Howsomever, he was minded to have made Tom the first gentleman of the family, if so be he had taken good ways; but as he thought proper to brew, so let him bake. For his part, he had done his duty. It shan't be the worse for you, neither, niece; for you must know, that as I thought to make Tom a gentleman, he must have had the main part of my substance, and between you and I, niece, I have a clear eight hundred a year. But be that as it will, as I was saying, I designed to give you, niece, one thousand pound, and no more; and pretty well too, you know, when I gave all the rest to your own brother. Well, no matter, things are as they are, and so I will give you two, and mayhap a better penny, if so be, you marry to please me. But as I was saying, niece, here is Betty now, a good orderly body, has lived with me twelve years, and for ought I know, has saved my life as often, by her care and diligence. She is a tender creature, indeed, niece, and loves



me as she loves her own soul. And so I have some thoughts of marrying her; for I want a handy body to be about me, and one as knows my ways. So tell me, niece, what you think on't.

But this, brother, you know, (as my uncle says) I durst not do, so was forced to proportion my answer to my courage; heaven forgive me for my dissimulation.

In the first place, I returned him thanks for his kind intentions towards myself, which, I said, were greater than I could expect or desire. As to Mrs. Betty, I had nothing in the world to say against her, nor against his design of marrying her; for there was all the reason in the world, why he should please himself, being accountable to nobody. But if my dear uncle would forgive me, I would beg leave to ask one favour in behalf of my poor brother —— No, no, no, no, Nancy, sputtered he —— only not to put it out of your own power, in case he should hereafter please you, to be as kind to him, as you have been to his sister.

The dog would have been hanged before he would have asked as much for thee, Nancy; but thou wert always the best of the family. No, never fear, wench, I'll keep staff in hand, I warrant thee.



thee. If I should have children though, niece,——hah? ——.

They have an undoubted right to the whole of your fortune, Sir; neither my brother nor myself could, in that case, expect to be benefited by it.

I'll be damn'd if thou sha't lose a penny by it, Nanny; I'll make that safe before I begin, I promise thee. As to thy foolish brother —— Well, I see thou dost not like to hear him abused, however, bating a handsome maintenance for Betty's life or so, I tell thee I'll keep staff in hand.

Thus ended, for the present, this important business, which I assure you, agitated my uncle's easy chair in no small degree. What say you, now, to my ladyship expectant, and to your insidious sister,

ANN SUTTON.



Mr.



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*Mr. Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth.

**W**HAT do I say to thee, insidious Ann? Thou who hast deceived thy brother, and ensnared thy uncle? For this superlative wickedness, may thy favour and thy fortune increase, till thy brother repines, and finds his sister's felicity no longer a cordial to his heart.

I well know thy generous purpose, Nancy, but man pursueth vain shadows, and woman also. Let my uncle marry; if I meditated revenge, I could not find a more effectual mode of inflicting it. When Mrs. Betty's heart lies open to him, as thou callest it, Nancy, I am persuaded he will not find it possessed by any thing, save the demons of avarice and —— lust; a harsh expression, sister, but justified by a perfect knowledge of the woman.

Think, Nancy, of thy brother's house for thy asyium, and his arms for thy happiness. Thy gentle spirit may bear insult, and even oppression; but thou hast nothing in  
thee



thee that can be assimilated to the nature of thy present associates.

When I finished my last letter I was upon the point of taking a ride with some of our society, into a part of the country we had not yet seen. It proved an interesting excursion.

As we were passing through a village, we saw a crowd of people about a small farm house. The goods were selling by auction. The house was divided from the church yard, only by the road which lay between. At one of the windows stood a woman with a young child in her arms, looking mournfully at a new made grave. Her pale face exhibited the unequivocal signs of fixed and settled woe. Without stopping to ask a question, Julia was off her horse, pressed through the crowd in the kitchen, and made her way to the poor creature in the inner room. Mr. John Chesslyn, animated by the same emotion, was instantly at her side. The room was stripped of all its furniture, except some articles of a man's apparel. A girl of six years old was sitting on the floor, encircling in her little arms, a sister of two, playing with nut-shells.

The poor woman turned her head at Julia's entrance, glanced upon a coat hanging



hanging on the opposite side the room; cast a piteous look upon the children on the floor; kissed the infant she held in her arms; and, with a deep sigh, fixed her eyes again upon the grave.

You seem, good woman, says Julia, uncommonly distressed. What can be done for your assistance? She sighed, and made no answer. Julia took her hand. Suffer yourself to be comforted, says she; no human being can be miserable beyond relief.

I don't know you, says the poor creature, and what you can do for me, though you were an angel. That new raised earth there, is the grave of my husband, the man I loved more than myself; the father of these three children, and of a child unborn; and of my little Billy and Tommy who lie buried with him. And I have neither father nor mother, nor brother nor sister, nor relation in the world, to shelter my little ones; and my husband owed an hundred pound and other little debts; and they are selling up all his goods, and the two cows that gave my children milk. And I am not well and can't struggle for their livelihood, and when I look at my husband's resting-place, how do I wish and long that  
I and



I and my poor babies were laid by his side, and quiet, as he is.

By this time the tears flowed plentifully down Julia's cheeks; and Cheslyn's words were stopt by his emotion. And they will turn me out of this house, continues the poor woman, and I had rather live upon bread and water in this room, than upon the finest dainties in the world out of it.

But they have taken away the bed my husband died in, and it was a great comfort to me to lie me down in it, and cry. But I know some good Christian will give us straw, and it is such a pleasure to me, when day-light comes, to see the ground that covers my poor William.

To be forced from this house in the midst of this complicated distress, thought Mr. Cheslyn, will tear this poor creature's heart in pieces. Something else must be thought of. Leaving Miss Foston with the poor woman, he went out with an intention to purchase the household furniture. He found himself anticipated, Mr. Foston, after a little enquiry into circumstances, had stopt the sale, and commissioned me to buy the whole by the lump. The bailiff eagerly embraced  
the



the offer, and few words concluded the bargain. The stock and utensils had been bought in the morning by an honest, kind hearted Welchman, who had taken the house and farm. On application made to him, for leave to let the woman remain awhile in the house, Ay, cot pless you, hur is welcome to stay till Michaelmas, and to live in this room, after that, as long as it will do her any good; look you.

The furniture was then replaced as usual; and it touched every heart with sympathizing pity, to observe the intermingled grief and joy that appeared in the poor woman, when she saw the bed restored to its old situation.

It was something extraordinary, that during the whole time of replacing the furniture, bringing provisions into the house, and other acts of kindness, Mrs. Williams, for that was her name, had never uttered an expression of thanks. Her mind seemed wholly occupied by the bed and the grave.

But when Miss Foston rose to go, her mind seemed opened to new conceptions, and the full flow of gratitude burst forth. Not in words, for of these she was deprived;



prived; but in a paroxysm bordering on frenzy. She caught hold of Julia's cloaths with an action that seemed to indicate fear, lest Miss Foston should escape, and resolution to hold her fast. Julia humoured this emotion, and at last obtained her release, by a promise to see her again on the morrow.

Whilst we were mounting our horses, the poor creature had taken her station at the window, alternately looking at Julia, and her husband's grave.

The next day, Miss Foston chose me as her attendant to the village. Mrs. Williams thanked her with the truest eloquence, a copious shower of tears. The preceding day her grief had been too high wrought; it was a relief to her to be able to weep.

In reply to Miss Foston's representation of the necessity of leaving that place, she sighed, and said she knew it well; and knew also the duty she owed her children was incompatible with the indulgence of her fond melancholy. She had already, she said, considered of two or three methods, by which she might be able to get her bread.

She mentioned these. Miss Foston thought them too precarious, and too scanty.



scanty. My father, says she, has commissioned me to offer you the occupation of a dairy maid.

Heaven bless him and you too, my dear lady, for all your goodness; but how shall I leave my sweet babies; and I am with child too, says she.

That shall be no impediment, replies Miss Foston, nor shall you and your children be parted; that would be a hardship which no state could recompense. Within half a mile of the castle is a neat cottage, with betwixt twenty and thirty acres of very good grazing land. These will keep eight cows winter and summer; the butter and cheese to go to the castle at a market price. Thus you will be a dairy maid, but not in the common way. You will find the cows upon the spot, and no rent to pay till the second year; then you fix it yourself by your own experience.

Lord of heaven! says the good woman, can all this be? I resign myself to your direction, Miss Foston; and, when I am able, will endeavour to prove myself not wholly unworthy this goodness.

Then shall I send for you to-morrow? says Julia.

Yes, says she, turning her eyes with a deep sigh upon the church-yard.

The



The cottage is furnished, says Miss Foston, can you recommend any worthy poor people of this neighbourhood to whom these goods would be acceptable?

O yes, dear madam, all but this bed.

There is no room for it, says Julia.

Forgive my folly, says Mrs. Williams, but I think I should rest so much better and happier in this than any other.

Well! we will talk of that at the cottage.

Miss Foston's may truly be called an active benevolence. Instead of sending for Mrs. Williams, she went herself, because from what she had already seen of this poor creature's sensibility, she feared the parting scene might exhibit some touches of passion, which, to the unfeeling vulgar, might shew like folly. She judged right.

To part from the grave of her William was agony. I shall not attempt, my Nancy, to tear thy tender heart by the description.

By the time she arrived at the cottage, much of this agitation had subsided. The maid, sent there to assist her in the business of the farm, shewed them into a small brick parlour, where a neat tea-equipage



equipage was set out for their refreshment. Mrs. Williams sat down, and looked her thanks in silence. Rose up, as if instinctively, and went to the window, turned from it with a deep sigh, threw herself into a chair, and fainted away.

Nancy, I will write no more. What signify these minute details? This was three days ago. Mrs. Williams is now tolerably serene, and begins to take pleasure in her business. Adieu.

Thy

T. SUTTON.



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